

Next Week! A Boy Who V
or, From Newsboy to Med

HAPPY



A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

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A Little Fun!

"Is this a free translation?" asked girl in the bookstore. "No, miss," replied the clerk; "it costs 50 cents."

Teddy (who has just begun to go school)—Papa, do you know what six and five girls make? "Yes," answered father, "a racket."

The Milkman—I am going to buy a horseless milk wagon. The Housekeeper—Yes, it will be so appropriate—goes so well with the cowless milk you sell.

Aunt—Whom does your new little sister most look like, your father or your mother? Little Emma—Both; she has no teeth that's like mommer. And she's hair like popper.

Hogan—Schwarzmeister was tellin' that Uncle Sam could never lick the Yankees. Grogan—An' did yez show him was wrong? "O! did. O! think he will out in about a fortnight."

Issued Weekly and Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1890, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y. Post Office, October 19th, 1894.

Vol. XI.

{ FRANK TOUSEY, }
{ 24 Union Square. }

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

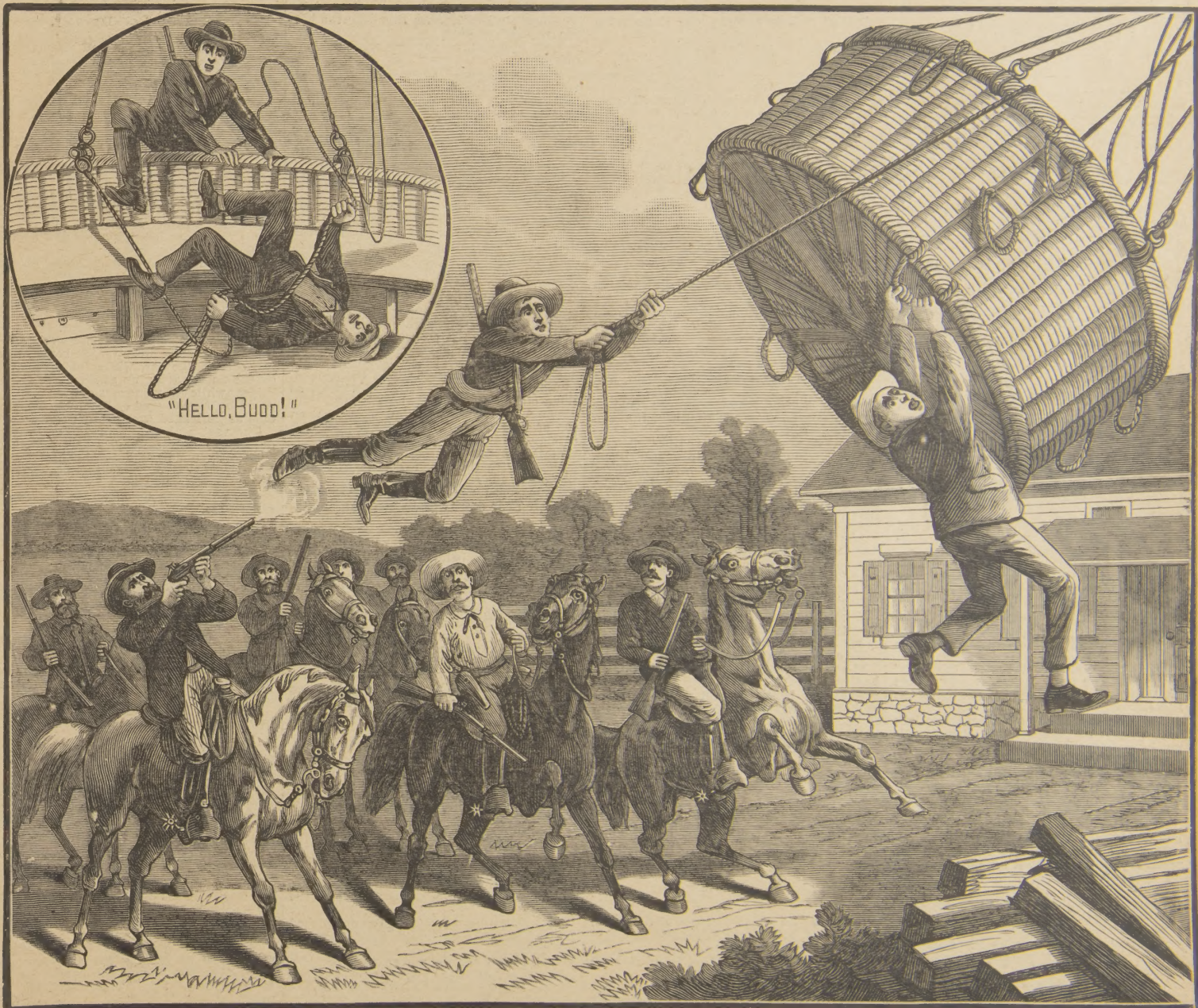
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{ \$1.25 FOR SIX MONTHS. }

No. 268

A CITY IN THE CLOUDS :

Or, THE BALLOON THAT CAME DOWN ON THE FARM.

BY P. T. RAYMOND.



Instantly the balloon rose, carrying the two boys with it. "Look! look! it's the Rippingdale boy!" shouted one of the White Caps as they came dashing upon the scene. "Fire!" yelled Jake Pender, their leader. "We may as well do him now as any time. He's done for, anyhow, as it is!" "Help! save me!" bawled Budd. Jake Pender's only answer was to throw up his rifle and fire at Chauncey.

"Happy Days"
Dewey Medal
COUPON.

Cut out this Coupon and send it to us with three two-cent postage stamps and we will send you a Dewey Medal.
SEE 16th PAGE.

"HAPPY DAYS"

Watch Coupon.

Send us 5 of these Coupons cut from any numbers of "HAPPY DAYS," with 75 cents in money or postage stamps, and we will send you the watch by return registered mail.

A City in the Clouds

By P. T. RAYMOND.

CHAPTER I.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

"Is it still raining, Budd?"
"Yes, pouring."
"No signs of letting up?"
"None that I could see."
"Well?"
"Well, Chauncey, I didn't see anything nor hear anything. I suppose that's what you want to know?"
"It is."
"They are not in sight yet, that's a sure thing."
"So much the better for us."
"Exactly." It will give you time to make the bullets."
"So it will. I'll do a little pouring on my own account now."
Thus saying, Chauncey Rippingdale lifted the lead pot off the stove.
On the brick hearth lay a bullet mould. Into this the boy began pouring the lead. There were six compartments, and when he had made six bullets he took up the mould with a pair of tongs and dropped it in a pail of water.
The result was six bullets.
Chauncey worked steadily for half an hour.

He had over a hundred bullets when he finally put the mould away.
Meanwhile Budd Brown was in and out of the farm house.

Each time he returned his report was the same.

"No sign of them yet, Chauncey. They'll come, though, never you fear."
The scene was a rude farm house in the southwestern part of Texas, not far from the Rio Grande river, some twenty miles below El Paso.

It was a lonely spot miles from any other house.

Here Mr. Rippingdale, Chauncey's father, had settled two years before, bringing the boy, his only child, with him.

During these two years Mr. Rippingdale worked the farm with the help of his son, they two occupying the place alone, for Chauncey's mother had died some years before.

Business prospered with the farmer, and all would have gone well with him if he could have kept from drink.

This, however, was impossible.
Each visit to El Paso meant a spree, and every time he indulged Mr. Rippingdale became noisy and quarrelsome.

Being a northern man, he differed radically in politics from his neighbors, and as he would persist in talking politics the result was trouble.

Soon he found himself "on the outs" with every one until at last he was visited by White Caps and warned to leave the State.

Refusing to do this and abandon all he had worked so hard for, Mr. Rippingdale put himself on the defensive.

Three times he and Chauncey drove off their midnight assassins, but on the fourth occasion, just one week before the opening of our story, the White Caps came again and Mr. Rippingdale was shot dead.

It was a sad hour for Chauncey when he buried his father on the farm.

He made up his mind to sell out and go north to seek his fortune, but as yet he had not been able to arrange to dispose of the farm.

Twice he had been warned to leave by anonymous letters.

Now on this stormy night in came Budd Brown, an orphan boy, who made his living by working for one farmer and another, with the startling intelligence that the White Caps were coming again that night, and that this time they meant business.

"They'll kill you, sure, Chauncey," said Budd. "I heard Jake Pender say that you had been warned often enough, and now they meant to put your farm in the market. You had better get right out."

"I'll go when I get ready, and not a minute before," was Chauncey's stout reply. "I've no will to stay on the farm now that father is gone, but I'm not going to be driven off by any man alive."

So Chauncey began to mould bullets for the old double-barreled rifle, and Budd stayed to keep him company that dismal night. These two boys were firm friends, and Budd meant to fight if worse came to worse, but it was midnight now, and no one had come.

"I don't believe we shall see them to-night, Budd," said Chauncey. "I reckon the rain has scared them off. Let's lock up and go to bed."

"Don't you do it," replied Budd.

"You still think they'll come?"

"I'm sure of it. The rain won't keep them away."

"Hark! Didn't you hear something then?"

"It seemed to me that I did."

"Let's go out and have a look."

"We'd better wait here. If they are coming our best chance is inside."

"I suppose it is, but all the same I should like to know what is going on."

"It does seem to me that I hear horses, but it may be only the wind."

"I'm not going to stay here with danger threatening. I'd as soon meet them in the open as in the house—at any rate, I want to know."

Chauncey put on his hat and coat, slung his rifle over his shoulder and fastened on his powder horn and bullet bag.

"Now I'm ready, Budd," he said, "but don't you come, unless you want to. It will go as hard with you as with me when they know you came over to the farm to give me the tip."

"You bet it will," said Budd. "They'll never forgive me, but that isn't going to keep me back."

Chauncey opened the door and the boys stepped out on the prairie.

It was the blackest kind of a night, and the rain was coming down in torrents.

Chauncey could see nothing, nor could he hear anything, except the rush of the rain and the howling of the wind.

"They'll never come to-night," he declared. "We'll go back. Go to bed, Budd, and I'll watch by the fire ready for business. I'll wake you at the first alarm."

Chauncey's watch extended until daylight, which came at a little after five o'clock.

At that time Budd was curled up on the hearth rug like a dog sound asleep, but Chauncey had never relaxed his watchfulness for an instant.

"I shall have to give it up," he determined. "I'll go into El Paso to-day and try and get a job so as to earn money enough to get to New Orleans or Galveston. There's no use in staying here any longer."

He arose, and opening the door, went out.

It was broad daylight now, and the rain had ceased.

Chauncey looked around for White Caps and his heart gave a great bound when in the distance he caught sight of a large party of mounted men riding over the prairie toward the farm house.

"They are coming!" he exclaimed. "They only waited for the rain to stop. Budd! Hey, Budd! My! Look at that!"

Turning toward the house, Chauncey raised his eyes and caught sight of something which made him forget the White Caps for the moment.

"Hey, Chauncey! Look at the big balloon!" bawled Budd, appearing at the door and pointing skyward.

It was an unusual sight for the farm, surely.

There at no great distance above them was a huge balloon making great dips, but seemingly coming downward.

The big gas bag appeared to be in good condition, and fully distended.

Chauncey, who was a very intelligent boy and fairly well educated, came to the instant conclusion that the balloon had been caught in some atmospheric current which was forcing it downward, for it certainly did not seem to be descending for the lack of gas.

"It will be down on the farm in a mo-

ment!" shouted Budd. "What are we going to do?"

"Catch that rope and hold it!" cried Chauncey. "That is, if the White Caps will let us. There they come!"

"Let them go to thunder. Don't believe they are the White Caps anyhow. It's a lot of fellows chasing the balloon."

The boys were both right.

The approaching men were the White Caps, but they had given up all idea of attacking Chauncey now.

White Caps invariably work under the cover of darkness.

If it hadn't been for the rain these fellows would have been down on the farm long before the balloon came.

As it was, they stopped at the tavern, waiting for it to clear.

The clearing came too late, and on their way back to their homes they saw the balloon and gave chase.

They were coming now, but without their disguises.

It was no longer Chauncey they were after, but the balloon.

"Look out! She's coming down! She'll be here in a moment!" shouted Chauncey, running across the prairie toward the advancing riders, for the balloon was now describing a big curve which it seemed would surely bring it down on the farm.

Chauncey was excited, and no wonder. So was Budd.

Both boys lost their heads and their good judgment went to the four winds.

The balloon touched the ground between them and the riders, and bounded up again.

The White Caps set up a wild shout and spurred their horses on.

The balloon rose about forty feet and struck a cross current of air which sent it back toward the boys, and once more it dipped and came down on the farm.

"Hooray! I've got it!" bawled Budd, seizing hold of the bottom of the car which was made of basket work and had big wicker hoops to aid in fastening it to the ground.

"Let go, you fool!" yelled Chauncey, as Budd clutched at one of these hoops.

The warning came too late, and right on top of it Chauncey did an equally foolish thing, although it must be remembered that it was done in the excitement of the moment with the sole intention of saving the life of his friend.

He grasped the long rope which hung from the car and tried to hold the balloon down.

He might as well have tried to hold back a railroad train.

Instantly the balloon rose, carrying the two boys with it.

"Look! Look! It's the Rippingdale boy!" shouted one of the White Caps, as they came dashing upon the scene.

"Fire!" yelled Jake Pender, their leader.

"We may as well do him now as any time. He's done for anyhow as it is!"

"Help! Save me!" bawled Budd.

Jake Pender's only answer was to throw up his rifle and fire at Chauncey, who hung dangling at the end of the rope right above their heads.

CHAPTER II.

DRIFTING AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Here was a situation!

It is doubtful if ever two boys were so fixed before.

The balloon seemed to have made up its mind to have nothing more to do with the farm.

The fact was, it had got into the lower currents of the atmosphere and now owing to a sudden change in the wind was on the rise again.

Up—the boys flew until the astonished White Caps had to strain their necks to see them.

Jack Pender did not fire again.

His shot had been a miss, and for some reason best known to himself he did not repeat it.

As for Chauncey, he scarcely realized that he had been fired at, for his thoughts were wholly fixed upon the fearful danger to which he was exposed.

Still, the boy was cool—wonderfully so, considering.

There would not have been a ghost of a chance for him if it had been otherwise. There is no doubt that it was to his coolness that he owed his escape.

"Try to climb up into the car, Budd!" he yelled. "Try and climb up into the car!" The wind blew his words away, and Budd never heard him, but the boy's own common sense told him to adopt that course.

There was nothing else to do, and fortunately the means of doing it were at hand.

There were other wicker loops higher up. They were intended to make it easy to get in and out of the car in case of accident.

Budd clutched at them with all the desperation of despair, and before he knew it he was in the car.

Then he thought of Chauncey, perhaps for the first time.

Until that moment he had no idea that the boy was hanging there to the rope.

Leaning over the edge of the car, he caught sight of him.

Chauncey was coolly making signals for him to pull in on the rope by an upward movement of his head.

Budd seized the rope and pulled for all he was worth.

It was a fortunate thing that he was strong of arm and able to do it.

In a moment Chauncey was up under the car, and then it was his turn to clutch at the wicker loops.

But Budd had lost his head, and he kept on pulling at the rope.

The moment Chauncey's weight was removed from it, Budd went tumbling over backward, and the next he knew he was sprawling on the floor of the big basket with Chauncey coming over the edge.

The reaction was tremendous.

For the time being both boys were safe.

Chauncey sank down on the bench which ran around the car, while Budd remained on the floor staring up at him.

Meanwhile a wondrous vision lay exposed before the eyes of Chauncey Rippingdale as he leaned over the edge of the car.

The vast prairie lay spread out beneath, dotted with white ranches here and there.

Directly underneath the balloon lay the Rio Grande river sweeping seaward between its red earth banks.

Off to the right he could see the steeples of El Paso.

In a second they had swept over the river and were in Mexico.

Far in the distance lay a long range of mountains, some peaks snow-capped and here and there one smoking.

They were the mountains of the great Sierra Madre range which the boy had so often heard of, but never seen.

It was wonderful! Amazing!

Chauncey forgot all about the dangers of his situation for the moment.

As for the White Caps, they had vanished long ago, and all recollection of the old farm seemed to have gone with them.

Chauncey just sat there staring like one in a dream until all at once Budd Brown's voice recalled him to himself.

"Oh, say Chauncey, are we going to be killed?"

"Not if I know it, Budd. Get up! Take a look here! Beats everything you ever saw."

Budd with a face as white as death crawled on the bench and looked over the edge of the car.

"What's them mountains?" he gasped. "I never knew there was mountains in Texas before."

"Texas! Why, we've been in Mexico for fully five minutes. Brace up! We are in for it. Make the best of the situation. Do you know, I rather like this!"

"Gee! How we do go!" gasped Budd, staring up at the big gas bag overhead.

"Say, Chauncey, you've got away from the farm anyhow. Jake Pender can't kill you now."

"Yes, away, never to go back again, Budd, but our troubles are not over yet."

"You're right there. S'pose the blame thing busts?"

"That I don't fear."

"I do, though. See how she strains. Gee,

if them ropes were to break wouldn't we drop!"

"There's worse than that to fear, Budd. There isn't one chance in a hundred that the cords will break."

"What?"

"That we may be blown clean across Mexico into the Pacific ocean."

"Do you think it's possible?"

"Sure."

"But the Pacific ocean is miles and miles away."

"Yes, and we are going toward it at the rate of dear knows how many miles an hour, and what's more, we don't know the first thing about managing a balloon."

"That's what. How in the world did the blame thing happen to come down on the farm?"

"Don't ever ask me! Somebody was killed before it ever reached us. But we may as well take it easy. Examine into all those traps while I try to find out what these different ropes mean."

Chauncey's cheerful tone served to encourage Budd, and bring him to a calmer state of mind.

Both went to work and inside of the next ten minutes they had learned many things which they did not know before.

Hanging suspended from the balloon were the different ropes which controlled the balloon.

Chauncey soon got the hang of them. He found that by pulling a certain rope the balloon descended.

Others were for the purpose of drawing the car up higher.

Another brought down a rope ladder which led up to the gas valve.

Budd's discoveries were equally important in their way.

There were plenty of provisions in the balloon stowed away in baskets and boxes under the seat.

There was also a handsome case containing various instruments, thermometers, barometers, a fine compass, and many other singular-looking things, the uses of which the boys could only guess at.

There were two rubber coats, a suit of clothes which seemed to have belonged to a large man, a dress suit case well stocked with underclothes and various toilet articles; a gallon of whisky in a demijohn, and a case of medicine.

Among other things they found a diary written in French.

The name on the blank page in front read:

"J. FOURNEY, New Orleans."

"And he was the owner of the balloon, no doubt," mused Budd. "Wonder where he is now?"

"Lost in the storm last night," replied Chauncey. "How he got out of the balloon I'll never tell you, but there's no doubt that he's dead."

"Here's a bully rifle, Chauncey!" cried Budd, pulling a handsome Winchester from under the seat.

"My, isn't that a beauty!" exclaimed Chauncey. "Leaves my old double-barrel all in the shade. Any cartridges there, Budd?"

"Yes, here's a whole box full," replied Budd, who was still prowling around under the seat.

"Well, this isn't so bad," said Chauncey. "If we can only land somewhere, I think we had better be getting about it, Budd."

"I'm ready," said Budd. "I've had enough. How is it to be done?"

"Why, we'll pull the valve and let the gas out. I don't know any other way."

"Try it, Chauncey!"

"Not now, by gracious! Here's a bad job! What are we going to do?"

They had suddenly run into a cloud bank and all in an instant the wonderful panorama beneath them was wiped out.

A damp, drizzling rain began to fall all about them.

It grew darker and darker as the balloon sped on.

"This is a bad job, Chauncey. What are we going to do now?" asked Budd, who began to look pretty blue.

"Drop as soon as we can get our bearings. We'll be out of this in a few moments, I suppose."

But the moments sped on and they did not come out of the clouds.

An hour passed.

Still it was just the same—even worse! Chauncey tried to work the valve, but was balked at the very start.

For some unknown reason the valve stuck, and now that he wanted to he could not open it.

At the risk of his life he climbed up the rope ladder, and reaching the valve, tried to open it by hand.

It was no use.

The thing positively would not work. Budd's face was a study when Chauncey came down into the car with his report.

"I s'pose we are lost, then," he said, dolefully.

"That's what we are," replied Chauncey. "We are lost in the clouds."

CHAPTER III.

THE WRECK OF THE BALLOON.

"Budd! Budd! Wake up!" It seemed rather strange that Budd

Brown could go to sleep there in the balloon, but he did.

The truth was, Budd was a good deal of a sleepy-head, anyhow.

Along toward morning he laid his head down upon the bench and dropped.

The next thing he knew Chauncey was shaking him, and he sprang up with the indistinct impression that some one had just fired off a cannon close to his ear.

Was it a dream?

Perhaps, but certainly not all a dream, for as Budd sprang up the clouds were suddenly illuminated with appalling brilliancy, and then came that fearful sound again.

It seemed to Budd just as if the whole sky was crashing down on top of him.

He gave one wild yell of terror, and sprang upon the bench.

Chauncey seized him and pulled him down to the floor of the car.

"What would you do?" he demanded. "Did you think of committing suicide? Did you really mean to jump off?"

"Don't know what I meant to do!" gasped Budd. "What's the row, anyhow? What's it all about?"

"Why, it's only a thunder storm!"

"Gee! Has it been going on long?"

"About twenty minutes. I let you sleep until I thought there was danger, and then—there it comes again!"

There was another flash and another crash worse than the one which had so scared Budd.

But Chauncey listened and watched almost with indifference.

He had grown used to it.

There was nothing to be done, so why fret? was the way he reasoned.

He could not do the first thing with the valve, and there they were still lost in the sea of clouds, with the thunder crashing and the lightning playing all around them.

"We are goners, Chauncey!" gasped Budd. "Nothing can save us now."

"Don't give up the ship, Budd."

"Tain't a ship, it's only a balloon. Confound it! S'pose we get struck?"

"Then there'll be a drop."

Budd shuddered.

He seemed half paralyzed with fear for the next few minutes.

Vainly he peered off into the blackness, but he might as well have looked at a wall of coal for anything he could see.

"Say, Chauncey, why don't it rain?" he asked at last.

"I'm sure I don't know. The rain may be above us, or below."

A flash of blinding intensity followed closely these words.

There was a ripping sound, followed instantly by a sharp hissing, like steam escaping from a boiler.

"It's all up with us! She's busted!" Budd fairly yelled.

Crash came the thunder.

The balloon lay all over to one side. The boys had to hold on for all they were worth to keep their places in the car.

"I reckon that one fixed us," panted Chauncey. "We are going down like chain lightning. Oh, Budd! Look there!"

But Budd did not need to be told to look.

Another flash of lightning came, and all in the same instant the boys caught sight of a range of mountain peaks below them stretching off to an immense distance, while right beyond the Pacific ocean spread itself westward.

Budd declared that he saw a steamer in the second while the vision lasted.

At all events they were out of the clouds.

Still it was down—down—down!

The balloon now righted for an instant, but soon toppled over again.

"Are we going out to sea, Chauncey?" roared Budd.

"I guess we are," replied Chauncey, gloomily. "It looks mighty like it."

"Can't you do anything?"

"What can I do?"

"Is there no way of plugging up that infernal old gas bag?"

"Look up there and see for yourself when the next flash comes."

It came a second later.

Budd looking up saw that the balloon was now nothing but a collapsed mass of oiled silk.

Chauncey looking down saw something more reassuring.

Their course had certainly changed now.

He could no longer see the ocean.

But the mountain peaks lay right below them.

He could see the trees and the outlines of the rocks distinctly.

In one place it was all snow, and that not more than a hundred feet below them, it seemed.

This confirmed Chauncey in the belief that he had held from the start.

"We can't have been very high up at any time," he reasoned. "If we had been we should have had more difficulty in breathing."

"Get yourself ready, Budd!" he shouted. "We are going to strike in a minute, that's sure."

"Shall we try to save some of this stuff?" asked Budd. "We may need it before we get through."

"Hold on to the rifle. Put some of those cartridges in your pockets."

While Budd obeyed Chauncey, following out his own advice, slung the old double-barrel over his shoulder.

He had scarcely done so, when they struck a wind current and their situation grew more alarming than ever.

Now the balloon lay well over on its side and went scudding along at fearful speed.

All at once the lightning came again—the longest flash Chauncey had ever witnessed.

"Oh, Chauncey! Look down there!" yelled Budd.

It was most startling.

Directly below them lay a great city. There were hundreds of queer shaped buildings visible, and the streets thronged with men, women and children, every one of them looking up hard at the balloon.

As it went flying over their heads a mighty shout went up.

Then all at once the vision was blotted out, and the next the boys knew the balloon was bumping on the ground.

"Hold on hard, Budd!" shouted Chauncey. "This is our greatest danger now."

Budd clutched the edge of the car manfully.

To let go meant death.

Where would it all end?

A moment more and they were up in the air again.

But it was only the rebound.

The gas was now about exhausted and their strange journey almost over.

But they were just as likely to drop into some deep ravine as to land on the mountain top.

"Haden't we better jump, Chauncey?" yelled Budd, when the balloon suddenly struck the rocks again.

"No, no! Hold on!" shouted Chauncey.

Once more they rose, but it was only to fall again.

This time the balloon came down so hard as to break Chauncey's hold on the edge of the car.

"Good-by, Budd! I'm a goner!" he shouted, as he tumbled out, and went rolling down over the rocks.

"Chauncey! Chauncey!" he could hear Budd yelling.

But the sound died away in the distance, for the lightened balloon had risen still again and Budd was swept away into the blackness of that awful night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Have you sent for one of those watches we are offering for 75 cents? See 16th page.

A Wonderful Jump.

W. J. M. Newburn, the running broad jumper, now holds the best on record of the world, twenty-four feet six and three-quarters inches, which he made at Mullingar, Ireland, July 18, 1898.

The are only about eight jumpers who have ever cleared twenty-three feet or over in this country, Great Britain and Australia. When it is considered that Newburn leads the whole field by nearly a foot, his ability can all the more be appreciated.

Newburn stands six feet six inches in height, and weighs two hundred and eight pounds. His chest measures forty-two inches, thigh twenty-five and one-half inches and calf sixteen inches.

Newburn starts with his run about one hundred and fifty feet back from the take-off, and approaches, rather slowly, a certain mark, about ninety feet away from the take-off. On arriving at this mark he has given enough momentum to his body to have quickened his speed, which he does after getting the foot, with which he jumps, at this mark. His strides after leaving this mark increase in length as his speed increases, and the last three or four measure over ten feet in length, for by this time he is going at his utmost speed.

The stride just in front of the take-off is not over seven feet long, for he must gather himself then for the jump, and if he put his jumping foot too far in front of him, he would more or less retard his momentum.

When Newburn leaves the ground he gets a great "rise," and literally sails through the air. Just before landing, it would seem that his feet were going to touch, when he tucks them under him, and their being handled so gives the uninitiated an impression that he is taking a second spring. Then when his head and shoulders are so close to the ground that he can postpone the inevitable no longer, he shoves his feet in front of him, and the momentum of his whole body carries him forward and prevents his falling back.

Like nearly all of the best running broad jumpers, Newburn is a fast sprinter, and has been credited with running one hundred and six yards in ten seconds. His stride, when running his fastest in this race, is from ten feet three inches to ten feet five inches, and he is the longest striding athlete ever heard of since athletic sport has been chronicled.

He is a professor in Claremont College, Dublin, and practises his athletics solely for health. He lays particular stress on the fact that he neither smokes nor drinks.

A Little Fun.

"Is this a free translation?" asked the girl in the bookstore. "No, miss," replied the clerk; "it costs 50 cents."

Teddy (who has just begun to go to school)—Papa, do you know what six boys and five girls make? "Yes," answered the father, "a racket."

The Milkman—I am going to buy a horseless milk wagon. The Housekeeper—Yes, it will be so appropriate—goes so well with the cowless milk you sell.

Aunt—Whom does your new little sister most look like, your father or your mother? Little Emma—Both; she has no teeth—that's like mommer. And she's hairless, like popper.

Hogan—Schwarzmeister was tellin' me that Uncle Sam could never lick the Filippinos. Grogan—An' did yez show him he was wrong? "O! did. O! think he will be out in about a fortnight."

"Which of the United States officials makes the most money, mamma?" asked Johnny Cumso. "The President, I suppose, Johnny." "Nome." "Which is it, then?" "The director of the mint."

"Your wife, I believe, is a strong-minded woman." "Oh, I don't know. I should rather regard her as brittle minded." "Brittle minded?" "Yes. She's been giving me pieces of her mind for several years."

"Do you think, professor," said the musically ambitious youth, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?" "Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to shout with in case of fire."

"My good woman," said the clergyman to the sorely tried matron, "did you ever try heaping coals of fire on your husband's head?" "No, your reverence, but O! I've thrown a lighted lamp at him once or twice."

Mrs. Kiddlet—Why, children, what's all this noise about? Little Jamie—We've had gran'pa and Uncle Henry locked in the cupboard for an hour, an' when they get a little angrier I'm going to play "going into the lion's cage."

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank as he was being put to bed. "Well?" acquiesced his tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

Interesting Items.

A bicycle geared to 240 will be sent to the Paris Exposition. The front sprocket contains 60 teeth and the rear sprocket 17 teeth.

A veterinary surgeon of Faribault, S. D., has a novelty in the shape of a wonderful pacing dog. So far as is known this is the only instance on record of a pacing dog, though a trotting dog is not unheard of.

A man belonging to the Peruvian artillery was ordered to be flogged, and there was no regulation cat handy with which to inflict the castigation. The officer in charge, who was a severe disciplinarian, decided to defer the carrying out of the order until the official scourge, which he had at once requisitioned, should arrive. It was about a year before the cat was supplied by the authorities. By that time the soldier had been dead several months.

A team of horses attached to a wagon loaded with nitro-glycerine, left standing on the road northwest of Muncie, Ind., the other evening, ran away and covered a distance of several miles at breakneck speed before it was stopped, near Gaston. Almost a thousand quarts of the explosive were in the cans in the wagon. Many persons ran in front of the team to stop them, but as the identity of the wagon revealed itself they ran the other way, badly frightened.

A major of a certain company of garrison artillery had just been promoted to be lieutenant-colonel. He was a very popular officer among the men. They had arranged that from an arch of evergreens at the entrance to the barracks, under which he was to pass on his return, a floral crown should hang, surmounted by the words, "He well deserves it!" But the wind, which was rather high, blew away the crown just before his arrival, and when the gallant officer passed under the arch, only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with the words, "He well deserves it!" standing out in bold relief.

During October, when Harry Lamborn and another boy were hunting on Jim Baldwin's place south of Burlington, Kan., they saw a big blacksnake in a tree. After shooting at it several times the snake fell to the ground, dead. They examined it and found that it was an exceptionally large one, but that it had a big bulge in the middle. Mr. G. N. McConnell was there when the boys were looking at the snake and suggested that they cut it open and see what caused the bulge. This was done and it was discovered that the bulge was caused by a china nest egg which the snake had found somewhere and had swallowed.

Life's Ways.

The ways are long I walk alone,—
The fields are dull and dreary;
The paths are set with thorn and stone,—
My heart is worn and weary.
But skies are all a tender blue,
And filled with sunny weather,
When in the paths of joy we two
Walk, hand in hand, together.

I hear the happy thrushes tune
Their song in bush and bower;
I hear the bees their story croon
From honied flower to flower.
The music stirs me with distress,—
I cannot kindly bear it;
For, O there is no joy unless
Your ear with mine may share it.

O come with me and glad the way
With eyes and beauty smiling,
December seems as glad as May
In your divine beguiling.
For, though we stray through gardens fair,
Or weary wastes of heather,
The paths are good and golden where
We two may walk together.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

Young Frank Reade

And His Electric Airship;

OR,

A 10,000 MILE SEARCH FOR A
MISSING MAN.

By "NONAME."

Author of "Wrecked at the Pole," "Frank Reade Jr. in Cuba," "Six Weeks in the Moon," "Two Continents," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

Kate Reade had truly proved herself a brave girl in so pluckily outwitting Lester and his gang of rough men. To be sure, she had the powerful arm of electricity to aid her, yet many a young girl would have grown faint in the face of such a peril.

While the air-ship was slowly rising, after leaving Lester and Small and their coterie on the mountain peak, Kate and Grace went below to look for Larry.

Had the young Irishman been discovered by the villains, there is no doubt but that they would have done him harm. But he rolled into the dark shadows and was unseen.

It was a surprise to him when the girls appeared and explained matters. He could hardly believe his senses.

"Mither av Mary!" he gasped. "How did yez iver have the courage, Miss Kate? Shure, it's a heroine yez are."

"Indeed, she is that," cried Grace. "I had given all up for lost."

"It was a case of dire necessity," declared Kate, modestly. "I was happily familiar with the mechanism of the ship."

"Be me sowl, phwat will young Mither Frank say?" cried Larry. "It's proud he'll be av his young sister for shure!"

The three voyagers now quickly returned to the deck. The Polar Star was floating lightly in the air about half a mile above the earth.

It was decided to return to the crater, but not to allow the air-ship to touch the earth unless, indeed, Frank and his companions were found there. But the discovery of their presence there was now quickly made.

At once the Polar Star descended into the crater. Frank and his companions quickly came aboard. It is useless to dwell upon the scene which followed.

Let it suffice that Kate was overwhelmed with praise for her bravery. She had indeed saved the lives of all. But in this neither Larry nor Grace were forgotten.

The latter was thrilled by the announcement that it was known for a positive fact that the hermit was really her father, Harvey Ellis. All sorts of wild hopes and fears now assailed her.

It was certainly to be regretted that the missing scientist could not have been brought safely aboard the air-ship. There among friends it was not unlikely that much could be done, at least toward the possible restoration of his mental faculties.

"It is my belief," said Young Frank Reade, positively, "that his affliction is only temporary, and simply the result of improper nourishment and loneliness of surroundings. Time will do much."

To all of this Grace listened with eager joy and interest.

"Oh, but I fear some harm may befall him before we find him again," she said. "That villain Lester is now in this region."

"That is true," agreed Jack Haynes. "I believe Lester would take care that he should never return alive."

"Nor any of us, for that matter," cried Frank. "If we return, surely neither Sam Lester nor any of his gang will ever dare to. The law would deal harshly with them."

"We could sail away now and leave them to their own devices if only Mr. Ellis was safe with us," declared Kate.

"That is right!" cried Jack. "And now, the question is, what is to be done?" This was indeed a problem. The aerial voyagers were in a quandary. It was likely to prove no easy task to again get track of the demented hermit.

He was likely to keep out of the way for an indefinite length of time. In the meantime winter was near at hand. To think of remaining in this bleak and stormy region during the cold season was almost suicidal.

Yet not one of the voyagers could or would think of abandoning the project. All were grimly determined to hold out to the last. The council was held.

"Golly!" cried Scipio, scratching his woolly head. "Jes' yo' let dis chile go back into dat air cavern, an' jes' try fo' to fin' dat ole gemman again."

"Begorra, naygur, it's meself as will go wid yez!" cried Larry.

"Well, I'll not be left out of that project," cried Jack Haynes. He blushed like a schoolboy beneath the grateful glance flashed at him by Grace.

"Nor I!" cried Joe Smith. "Where am I coming in? We cannot all go."

"It is my belief that Miss Kate can most admirably take care of the air-ship until we return," declared Haynes.

"I will be glad to do that," said Kate readily. "I can at least keep the Polar Star out of the way of the enemy!"

"Ah, what is that?"

A snapping, crackling sound was heard. Then an occasional sharp ping. It was easy to discover the explanation.

The Polar Star was riding easily a few hundred yards above the earth. The gang under Lester and Snyder had joined the others in the crater, and were firing at the air-ship. Of course the bullets rattled harmlessly from the hull.

Yet it was not deemed exactly safe to put a head over the rail or otherwise unduly expose oneself. Larry and Scipio were for returning the fire, but Frank would not allow them to do so.

We are not here for the purpose of shedding blood," he declared. "They are our foes, to be sure, but we need not slaughter them. Retribution of a different kind will surely overtake them in good season."

The air-ship now drifted over the mountain peaks and out of range. It was not yet decided just what to do. But as the day was nearing its close and darkness was shutting down it seemed best to wait for another day.

The voyagers were all much fatigued, particularly Kate and Grace. They retired to their state-rooms early for rest. Frank and the others remained for some while on deck.

The searchlight's powerful rays were kept busy on the crater and the mountainsides. Nothing, however, was seen of the outlaws.

They were undoubtedly encamped in some one of the many caverns. It was likely that they were in deep chagrin over their defeat.

Turns were taken in keeping watch. Thus the night wore away, and day finally came again. All on board welcomed its coming much improved in spirits. Plans were made for continuing the search for Mr. Ellis.

But suddenly, Larry, who was leaning over the rail, gave a loud shout.

"Whurroo! Wud yez come here quick, Mither Frank! Shure, the omadhauns are up to something new!"

All the voyagers rushed to the rail. Glancing down to the earth, it was easy to see the cause of Larry's cry.

The outlaws had erected a pole on one of the rocky crags with a white cloth tied to it. Some of them were gathered there, and engaged in making gesticulations. It was plain that it was intended as a truce, and that a consultation was asked.

"What are you going to do, Frank?" asked Haynes. "Will you pay any heed to it?"

"I see no other way," replied Frank. "It would be hardly fair to disregard it."

So the air-ship was allowed to descend. Down it settled, until within speaking distance. Then Frank shouted:

"Well, what do you want?"

He saw Lester and Snyder and Harkley Small standing on the peak. Snyder acted as spokesman.

"We want to make terms," replied the crank.

"Terms?" exclaimed Frank. "What do you mean?"

"We are ready to surrender if you will give us the right terms. We are all sick of this business, and ready to acknowledge that you are the winner. Is that fair?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAPPY RESTORATION.

It is hardly necessary to say that Young Frank Reade was astonished. He glanced at his brother voyagers.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Jack Haynes. "Did you ever hear the like of that?"

"I should think they would be sick of it," declared Smith. "Look out for a trap."

Frank nodded comprehensively and now replied to Snyder:

"I do not ask for a surrender. I can make no terms with you."

"No terms?" exclaimed Snyder, in de-

spondent tones. "Don't say that! We can give you assistance in the carrying out successfully of your project."

"I hardly need your assistance," replied Frank. "But why do you offer to make terms?"

"Can't you understand? We are in bad shape. We will die if left in this forsaken land."

"You don't think that I could possibly take you aboard this air-ship?"

"At least you could take four of us; myself, Small and Hynes, and Mr. Lester, here, who is one of your townsmen!"

"Yes!" cried Lester. "I'll give up all further claim on these gold fields. Also, tell Miss Ellis that I will persecute her no further."

"Ah!" exclaimed Frank. "What will become of the score or more of your followers here?"

"Let them shift for themselves," declared Lester. "That are all cutthroats anyway."

This brutal proposition disgusted all on board the air-ship. Young Frank Reade replied with sarcasm:

"I see no reason to discriminate. If we followed your proposal, it would be to save the lives of the most atrocious villains in the gang. I hardly think we can come to your terms, Mr. Lester. It would have been better for you to have remained in Readstown. Your dark schemes have all miscarried, and you are now reaping what you most richly deserve!"

Lester's face grew black with anger. It was with difficulty that he restrained his passion.

"Then you won't take us aboard?" he asked, savagely.

"No!" replied Frank.

"Our lives will be on your head, then, for we shall certainly perish if left here."

"I recognize no obligation to save your lives. You came here for evil purposes. You must suffer the consequences. Again, there is little danger that you will perish."

"I tell you, we cannot make the settlements before winter is upon us. After that there is nothing but death."

"No, but you can live here in the caverns of the volcano, just as Mr. Ellis has been compelled to live in his demented state for years. But I warn you not to return to the United States. If you do, I shall turn you over to the law!"

"Curse you!" hissed Lester. "Then, you refuse to help us out of this region?"

"I refuse to have anything to do with you!"

"Die, then, curse you!"

Quick as a flash the villain drew his revolver and fired. But Frank had seen the movement, and drew back in time, but the bullet nearly grazed his forehead.

This cowardly and treacherous act was witnessed by all on the air-ship's deck with sentiments of indignation. Larry and Scipio grabbed their rifles and Jack Haynes cried:

"Shoot the treacherous dog!"

But Frank cried:

"No; do not fire! There is no harm done. His fate will be worse!"

"Whew!" cried Jack. "What if you had yielded to his entreaties and taken them all on board the Star?"

"Our lives would not have been worth a cent," declared Smith. "Who knows that they were sincere?"

"There is no doubt it was all a treacherous game," said Frank. "But we will leave them to their own fate. All we want now is to rescue Mr. Ellis."

Lester and Snyder and the others had sought hasty refuge in a cavern. But the air-ship crew paid no heed to them, and sailed on into the crater.

Here it was intended to again organize a searching party for the volcanic caves, but at this moment an unexpected incident claimed the attention of all.

Suddenly a shrill eerie cry was heard from below. All rushed to the rail and beheld an astonishing spectacle.

Along the mountain side a gaunt half-clad figure was rushing. Behind it in hot pursuit were half a dozen of the outlaws. They were almost upon the old hermit, for he was.

A shrill scream of terror escaped Grace.

"Oh, save him! Save him!"

For a moment all on board the air-ship seemed dazed and unable to move. Larry was the first to act.

"Whurroo!" he yelled. "Shure, it's atter killin' him they'll be!"

Then he raised his rifle and fired. The bullet tumbled over one of the would-be assassins. The others, startled by this, looked aloft and saw the air-ship.

It seemed to have a terrifying effect upon them, and they scattered in wild flight. But one of them had been close upon the old hermit, and now raised a heavy club and dealt him a terrific blow on the head.

The old man dropped in a senseless heap. His assailant fled down the mountain side. Seeing this, Young Frank sprang into the pilot-house and lowered the air-ship.

Down it settled. There was no thought of pursuing the outlaws. The one impulse was to render aid to the wounded man.

The moment the air-ship touched the ground Scipio and Larry leaped over the rail. The inanimate form of the hermit was lifted and brought aboard. He was carried into the cabin and placed on a couch.

And Grace Ellis threw herself in a wild abandon of fear and grief upon her father's

body. But even as she gave vent to her worst fears the old hermit's figure moved and he slowly opened his eyes.

"Thank Heaven, he lives! He lives!" cried the overjoyed daughter. Then restoratives were administered and with good effect.

Harvey Ellis had not received a fatal blow. It had stunned him, that was all, and it was the means of marking a great change in his condition.

At first he was passive in the hands of those who ministered to him. After a while his gaze roamed about in a bewildered way. He passed his hand across his forehead.

"Father!" cried Grace, entreatingly. "Don't you know me?"

The demented man looked at her a moment steadily, and then said:

"Yes, you are my daughter Grace!"

A glad, wild cry escaped her.

"Oh, he knows me! He knows me!"

The others stood about in sheer amazement. They could scarcely believe their senses. It was all like a dream. Slowly the hermit let his gaze wander from one to another.

"Yes, my daughter," he said. "I know you. But who are these people? They are all strangers—and yet—"

"Don't you know me, Mr. Ellis?" asked Young Frank Reade, stepping forward. The old hermit looked at him fixedly. Then a great cry escaped him.

"Yes, yes! You are Frank Reade's son, and that is your sister! But—tell me! have I been ill? Where am I, and what has happened?"

"You remember starting for the Klondike?" asked Young Frank.

"Yes, yes, and the treachery—ah, I see it all now. Tied to a stake in that lonely cabin and left to die. My poor friend died, I escaped. A cloud is over the rest. Where am I now?"

Gently and slowly the true state of affairs was imparted to the hermit of the Forsaken Land, who was now a demented man no longer. It was easy to understand all.

The blow he had received had proved just enough of a shock to overcome the malady and clear the temporary mist from his overtaxed mental faculties.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JACK'S PROPOSITION—THE END.

It was indeed a joyful reflection that Harvey Ellis, the missing man, was found at last, and that he had been reclaimed from a mental state which in permanency is far worse than death.

Grace was the happiest person imaginable, and could hardly contain herself. She was with her father constantly, and never tired of drawing pictures of home for him.

There now seemed no reason why the party should linger in Alaska. All were thinking of home.

All but two. These were Jack Haynes and Joe Smith. They had been busy laying plans of their own.

They now approached Frank.

"Well, Mr. Reade," said Jack, "I suppose you have accomplished the real object of your trip to Alaska?"

"I think so," replied Frank.

"And you think of returning?"

"I do."

"Well," said the young miner, "in that case I have some matters to discuss with you."

"Very well," agreed Frank. "What are they?"

"We have decided to remain in Alaska." This was an astonishing statement. The young inventor stared.

"How is that?" he asked. "I thought you had enough of prospecting and was willing to go home with us."

"We have changed our minds," replied Jack. "I have explained all to Miss Ellis, and it is all understood."

Young Frank gave a start.

"To Miss Ellis?" he exclaimed. "What has she to do with it?"

The young miner blushed and stammered, but managed to say:

"Call her into the cabin together with Mr. Ellis, and I will try and explain."

"Larry!" cried Young Frank, "call Mr. Ellis and Grace into the cabin."

All right, sir!"

A moment later all were seated in the Polar Star cabin. Then Jack looked at Grace, whose face was all blushes, and rising, said:

"A short while ago I thought I had enough of prospecting, and had decided to go back to the States. But I have changed my mind."

"Foolish fellow," said Harvey Ellis. "This is a bad country!"

"And yet it is a country of mighty wealth."

"Very true!" agreed the scientist. "But that is all. I own the richest claims in this region, but they will never be of any value to me. I am too old to develop them."

Jack Haynes cried eagerly:

"There is the point. You are too old, but I am young!"

"You!" gasped Ellis, while all gave a start of surprise.

"Yes!" replied young Haynes. "I intend to remain here and develop the gold fields"

of the Forsaken Land. Much is covered by water, it is true, but there is enough left to make you and I very wealthy men. Do I have your consent?"

It was plain that Ellis was completely staggered by this audacious proposal. For a few moments he stuttered and stammered.

"Why, of course, my lad," he blurted. "I know you're honest by your looks. I'll put the papers in your hands now. You shall have a half interest. Is it fair?"

"Yes!" replied Jack. "But I am going to ask more."

"More? Well, you are entitled to it. Say, two-thirds!"

"Not that!" replied the young miner with much embarrassment. The old scientist whistled in surprise.

"You don't want it all?" he asked.

"Oh, no, sir, I am not referring to that."

"What, then, I must ask?"

Jack looked at Grace. The young girl's face was illumined with a rare light and her eyes were shining. She placed a hand on her father's arm.

"He wants me, father," she said.

The old scientist started as if dealt a blow. He stared at the young miner for a moment in a stony way. Then his gaze grew kindly. Something like a sob burst from his bosom.

Rising, he led Grace forward, and placed her hand in that of Jack Haynes. He said nothing, but they knew that his heart was with them.

"Well, Grace," said Young Frank Reade, a little later, for a teasing mood was on him; "you've jilted me in good fashion. I always supposed you would wait for me!"

"Why didn't you speak before," said the young girl with a jolly laugh.

The air-ship a few hours later was on its way to St. Michaels. There Jack Haynes and Joe Smith took their leave of the others. Jack had the claim papers and at once began to organize his mining company.

A few months later, with a strong force of men he returned to the Forsaken Land and began the development of one of the richest gold mines in Alaska.

He is to-day one of the wealthiest of all Alaskan miners, and the day is not far distant when he will return to the United States and claim lovely Grace Ellis for his bride.

The Polar Star returned to Readestown safely, after a propitious aerial voyage. Frank Reade, Jr., and Young Frank's mother, it is needless to say, welcomed all back with intense joy.

The project had been a complete success. Harvey Ellis was restored to his family and his friends, and from that hour fortune smiled upon him.

The fate of the Lesters and Luke Snyder was never definitely known. The report was current that Sam Lester was shot in a barroom brawl at Dawson City.

The elder Lester returned to Readestown only to dispose of his property there and leave the place forever. Nobody regretted this move on his part.

Small and Hynes were never heard of again, but doubtless are to-day plying their nefarious calling as gamblers in some of the mining camps.

The North Star Mining Company, of which Jack Haynes is president, is a booming success. But Jack will persist in saying:

"I owe it all to Young Frank Reade and his air-ship. We would all have left our bones in the Forsaken Land but for him."

Certainly credit was due the boy inventor, who was now the pride of his father's heart. As the Polar Star was his first venture, and proved a glowing success, there is no reason to doubt that in the future the world will hear of other inventive prodigies performed by Young Frank Reade, the Boy Inventor.

[THE END.]

Next week! "Tony the Torment at Home; or, Waking Them up Again," by Tom Teaser.

(This story commenced in No. 261.)

Doctor Dick:

OR,

Ten Weeks on Lunatic Island.

By J. G. BRADLEY,
Author of "Captain Thunder," "Sinbad the Second," "The Hero of the Maine," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

LEM SIGNALS THE STEAMER.

There was no sleep for any one on Lunatic Island the night after the Submarine Ram blew up, for the boys were very busy burying the body of the poor lunatic who had died so suddenly in the excitement, and the inmates of the shanties were in the wildest possible state of commotion.

"It is wonderful how King Flappy-Doo kept his head to-day, wasn't it?" said Ned, as the boys came slowly back from their sad errand down by the water. "I expected

to see him kick over the traces every minute, and if he had I am sure the Chancellor and Hercules would have joined him very promptly."

"Sometimes I think there is a chance for the old fellow to regain his senses entirely," answered Dick. "He certainly seemed more rational to-day than I ever saw him."

"Sometimes big excitement will restore the reason instantly," said Lem, "or some great shock like a fright or danger."

"Well, we had all that to-day," Ned said, sadly. "Just think of all the dreadful things that have happened to-day."

"It was bad enough for that wonderful boat to blow up, but it was dreadful to think of all those little fellows being killed. I feel terrible about it," Dick remarked with a sigh.

"Well, we couldn't help it, so there's no use to mourn. We're too bad off ourselves to weep over others much," said Lem.

It was a somewhat foggy night, and the boys began to feel anxious as they saw that the shanties looked hazy, although they were so near them.

"That steamer will never see our signals in this fog," groaned Ned. "Oh, it does seem as if everything was against us!"

"I'll go up on that knoll and build a big fire," said Lem. "It will scare the lunatics, I suppose, but I've got to do it."

"I'll go and tell them what it's all about," said Dick, as he started for King Flappy-Doo's shanty. "It's high time, anyway, that I was paying a professional visit."

"I hope we'll be successful," Ned called out after him, "for I've got the horrors to-night. It don't seem to me that I can stand it to hear those fellows jabbering."

"Poor chap! He's homesick," said Dick to himself, but he only called back: "I'll see that they are quieter in a minute!"

Lem started up toward the knoll, which was the highest point on the island, and began collecting material to make his bonfire.

"It's too hazy to even see our flag of distress," said Ned, who had followed him. "Do you suppose it will clear before tomorrow morning?"

"Great Scott! I hope so!" said the sailor, gruffly. "I'll feel like cutting my throat if I miss that steamer!"

"How long have we been here now?" asked Ned, after a minute.

He was helping Lem collect his sticks and cut a wide brake around his bonfire.

"Pretty near ten weeks, Dick says," was the answer. "He's made a memorandum of the date every day and wound his watch. I don't see how he ever remembered to do it; I couldn't."

"There never was another chap like Dick," said Ned, quickly. "Won't he be a hero if we ever get back home! Why, I'll sound his praises from the Battery to Harlem! I'll tell everybody we know about his being the doctor of Lunatic Island!"

"I doubt if they'll believe you," said the sailor, shortly. "You've got to see this place yourself before you'll believe any stories about it. I've heard about the Mysterious Islands for years, but I never really believed in their existence until the day we struck 'em. As for the Pirate of the Pacific, I used to think he was a fake in spite of the fact that I knew of ships that were lost when the sky was perfectly clear and the water like a mill-pond."

"Well, we know now that he was the genuine article, and a mighty bad brand, too, don't we? The only good things about him were his jewels and his booty."

"And those he stole from sunken steamers," said Lem, with a sigh. "I wonder if we will ever be expected to hunt for the true owners?"

"By Jove! I didn't think of that! Why, that would mean that we would have to give them up!" cried Ned. "Oh, well, I don't know as I'd care if we could only get away from Lunatic Island."

"It ain't at all probable that we'll ever find out whose it was at all," said the sailor, "and there's no way in the world of identifying money."

Just then Dick came up with his arms full of fagots.

"They are quieter now, but I can't make them go to sleep. I think they are all upset over the death of the Baby."

He sat down on a stone and watched Lem as he lighted his pile, and after a minute Ned came and sat down beside him.

"I think the haze is clearing a little," said Ned, after a minute. "I can almost see the flag."

"I can see it plainly," said Dick, following Ned's gaze. "It will be clear in an hour; you see what I tell you."

The pile of leaves and fagots began blazing and the pieces of bamboo started crackling merrily.

The lunatics gave a few sharp yells, when they saw the blaze, but the boys heard King Flappy-Doo scold them into silence.

In less than an hour the fog had lifted and from the knoll the boys could catch a faint glimpse of the ocean.

"I'll go up in the tree just as soon as it is light enough," said Lem. "My eyes are better than yours; if there's a steamer in sight I can see her."

The boys took turns in dozing and feeding the fire until morning, and the hours were enlivened by many encounters with lizards, snakes and bugs which crawled out of their holes when the fire began to warm things up a little.

The monkeys had scattered at first, but they soon came back, and watched the fire as curiously as though it had been lighted for their benefit.

With the chattering of the monkeys and an occasional yell from the lunatics the night was pretty noisy, but by daylight the island was quiet again, and Lem was up in the tree on the lookout for a steamer.

Ned and Dick sat below on a rock and waited, but they were very busy making garments out of the biggest leaves to put on as soon as their shirts and coats, and perhaps their trousers, were needed for signals.

"My suit is going to be a dandy," said Ned, holding it up. "It's a claw-hammer tail coat and spring-bottom trousers. What's yours, Dick? I hope they'll be stylish."

"Oh, mine's a Tuxedo," laughed Dick, as he whittled some more pins out of tough little sticks. "And my trousers will be knickerbockers if I don't hurry and make them longer."

"Poke up the fire a bit, boys," came Lem's voice from the tree. "That smoke can be seen a good deal farther than my signals."

"There comes Flappy with some coffee. Ain't he a darling!" cried Ned.

He got up from his seat and went to meet him.

"Breakfast will be ready very soon," said the old fellow, quietly. "The children had a bad night, but they are better this morning."

"All thanks to you," said Ned, patting him on the shoulder. "You are a rattling good king, I tell you, Flappy!"

"The Doctor's medicines make them good," said the old fellow, quickly. "I only scold—but it helps a little."

"You bet it does!" said Ned. "But now go and get yourself some coffee. You look pale and tired," he said, looking sharply at the old fellow.

The King went back to his subjects and the boys drank their coffee, calling up to Lem to come down and have some.

There was no answer from Lem, so Dick called again, then he looked up, quickly, for he knew that something must be the matter.

"I'm sure he sees something! Look at him!" he whispered as he punched Ned in the ribs.

Ned looked up and saw Lem gazing fixedly out on the ocean with an expression on his face that could not be mistaken.

Suddenly the sailor shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Quick! Peel off your duds, boys, and hand them up to me! I see smoke on the horizon, and I'm sure it's a steamer!"

The boys climbed up and handed him their coats and what was left of their shirts and in a few seconds Lem was wig-wagging from the very topmost branches.

"Oh, she must see us!" cried Ned. "It would be cruel if she didn't!"

He climbed higher in the tree, but not high enough to interfere with Lem and his signals.

"I see her! I see her!" he cried out in a minute. "Come up higher, Dick, quick, and take a look at her, old fellow!"

Dick crawled up high enough to take a look and then dropped down again.

"I mustn't get excited," he said, "for she may not see us. And above all, I must try and not excite my patients."

Ned dropped down to the ground also, and both stood and watched Lem as he waved his black and white signals at intervals.

Suddenly he gave a shout that could have been heard pretty near all over the island.

"She sees me! She sees me! She has answered my signals!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RESCUE.

Lem continued his signals until he was absolutely certain that the steamer had headed for the island, and then he came down from the tree and gave the boys back their clothing.

"I can't see that you've injured them much," said Ned, crawling into his rags. "And I'm not so sure but what the leaves would have been more comfortable. But it don't matter much now," he cried, as he turned a somersault; "we are going to be rescued, and I can buy some new ones."

"Yes, and we'll buy some for the lunatics, too," said Dick. "Oh, I can hardly believe that we are going to get away from this island!"

"It will take them some time to get here," said Lem; "so don't stir up the lunatics until you have to. I'll go down to the shore and wait for their boat, but first we must plan what to do with the money."

"That's so," said Dick. "We've got to look out for that sharp. It was safe enough here, but on board ship it will be different. We'll pack part of it in the jewel casket, so that it won't be too heavy, but I'm afraid of those bags; they look suspicious."

"They'll have to do," said Lem; "we haven't anything else. Oh, I guess we can protect them while we have our pistols."

"If I was sure that it was an English steamer I wouldn't be afraid," said Dick, "for I would put our treasure in care of the captain immediately."

"Yes, we know that there is no Pirate to sink the ship and loot her coffers now,"

said Ned. "Really, I think we have done a great favor to the navigators of these waters."

"Well, I should say so," said Lem. "Why, we've even found the Mysterious Islands! That's more than any one has done that I ever heard of."

"And we've helped a lot of wretched human beings to be more comfortable," said Dick, "and now we are going to save them from dying on this island."

"The Government or somebody ought to reward us," said Ned, laughing; "but if they don't, we can reward ourselves by just keeping all that money."

"Oh, but won't our folks be astonished when we come home rich!" cried Dick. "I'll tell them I got it while I was practicing medicine on Lunatic Island."

"They'll believe that as quick as they will anything else," said Lem; "they'd hardly believe that you found it in an underground passage on an island that had never been visited before except by a lot of shipwrecked sailors who went crazy before they got off of it."

"Nor that a pirate had put it in the passage in the first place," chimed in Ned. "A rascal who sailed the ocean in a Submarine Ram manned by imps no bigger than a good-sized baby! Gee! but won't we have a tale to tell! But for goodness sake hurry up, Lem, and get back to your signals!"

Lem had been packing a lot of gold in the jewel casket, and now took it on his shoulder and started for the shore.

When he got there he hid the casket in the bushes and began looking around for the steamer.

He saw her in a very few minutes, making straight for the island, so he waved to her from the top of the big rock, and then went and got the Pirate's barge ready.

"It's too bad our own boat isn't on this side of the island," he said to himself; "there's a lot more room in her than there is in this, but I expect she's most too dry now to be very seaworthy."

After a little while Ned and Hercules came along with the rest of the gold, and Lem directed them to hide it as he had the casket.

Hercules is as cool as a cucumber this morning," said Ned. "I've been talking to him all the way over, and have told him all about the steamer. There she is now!" he cried, clapping his hands for joy. "What a blessed sight that is, Lem, for we poor shipwrecked mortals!"

"Hercules is glad, too; just look at him!" cried Lem.

Ned turned to the lunatic and saw that he was smiling.

"I tell you, she looks grand, doesn't she?" Ned said, pointing to the steamer. "It won't be many days now before we'll be back in civilization."

"That is if they are not afraid to land," said Lem, soberly. "They may not like our looks when they get near enough to see us."

"I'll keep Hercules out of sight. We won't scare them, will we, Lem? Our clothes may be ragged, but they are neither leaves nor feathers."

"Oh, we don't look bad to each other," said Lem, with a laugh; "but it's a question how we may look to others."

"There comes Dick!" cried Ned, as he heard a whistle. He ran back and met him and pointed out the steamer.

"It's too good to be true," said Dick, with tears springing to his eyes. "I'm as glad on King Flappy-Doo's account as I am on ours, poor fellow! He's had a mighty hard time of it for thirty years on this island."

"They've all had," said Ned, "but their good days are coming. Hello! What's the steamer about; is she heading away from the island?"

The boys waited a moment, and then Lem replied:

"She has come as near as she dares," he said, very slowly. "She's not going to take chances of striking the rocks as the Ram did yesterday."

In a very short time the steamer dropped her anchor. She was near enough now for the boys to make out her captain.

Pretty quickly a boat manned by sailors was swung loose from the davits and the boys saw one of the under officers take his position in her.

"Here, take Hercules back in the bushes!" cried Lem. "I don't want those sailors to turn back when they see him."

Dick explained it to Hercules as quickly as he could, and the lunatic ran willingly and hid himself in the bushes.

In less than two minutes the ship's boat was within hailing distance, and Lem swung his cap around his head as he ran down to meet it.

"Ship ahoy! Hurrah! We are saved!" yelled the boys.

Dick threw his cap up nobly, but Ned almost burst out crying.

"Cheer up, Ned, and hurrah with your whole heart," cried Dick, and the next minute he was fairly hugging the officer who had just sprang from the cutter.

Lem could hardly talk fast enough to explain the situation, and both the officer and the sailors had to wipe away their tears when he told them of the poor fellows who had gone crazy on the island.

It was indeed the Adelaide, an English steamer, and every man on board a gentle-

man, so the boys gave free vent to their feelings in a very few minutes.

As soon as they understood matters the officer in command took Dick in the boat and rowed back to the steamer to get orders from his superior, who was as shocked as he was when he heard Dick's story.

"You are a wonderfully brave lad," said the captain, admiringly, as Dick stood before him with great dignity in spite of his rags and tatters.

"I have tried to make the best of a very unpleasant predicament, sir," said Dick, modestly; "but I shall never be able to thank you enough for coming so bravely to get us out of it."

"We would have come at full speed if we had known exactly what the signals meant," said the captain; "but to tell you the truth, we could hardly understand them."

"Poor Lem," said Dick, laughing, "he was not used to such flags as he had to use. They were our shirts and coats," he explained, with a glance at the garments.

"You don't mean it!" said the captain. "Well, they did their duty nobly. Now we will send another boat and try to make ready for our visitors."

"They are a queer-looking crowd, to say nothing of their actions," said Dick; "but I think I can promise that they will make you very little trouble."

"Trouble or no trouble, we'll take them every one! They shall not live another hour on that dreadful island!"

"Well, I have a secret for your ear, sir," remarked Dick, as the officer left them to carry out his orders.

Then he told him about the Pirate and the gold and jewels in his possession.

"It seems like a fairy tale," said the captain; "still I have heard of this pirate before. I will come ashore with you myself, and explore the island."

"I wish you would, sir, indeed, for I would like you to see the shanties which the lunatics have lived in, as well as the underground passage where we found the treasures."

When the two boats put off from the steamer one contained her captain, but he had left orders with the second officer to make accommodations for the lunatics.

"You boys will come right into my quarters," he said, "and as the sailor is your good friend, he shall come there also."

Dick tried to thank him, but his feelings overcame him, and for about five minutes he wept from sheer happiness.

When the boats touched the shore the captain was the first to land, and he at once shook hands with Ned and Lem in the most cordial manner.

Just then Hercules emerged from his hiding place behind the trees and came running down to the shore in an excited manner.

"My God! who is that!" cried the captain, when he saw him. He stood stock still and stared at him steadily.

"He's one of the lunatics; he won't harm you," cried Ned.

The next minute the captain was hugging Hercules, and crying out wildly that he was his long-lost brother.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOOD-BY TO LUNATIC ISLAND.

Dick was more than astonished at the relationship between the captain of the Adelaide and the poor lunatic, Hercules, but after a closer scrutiny he noticed the resemblance.

Hercules seemed to be a little dazed, but he was not at all ugly. It was as if his mind was struggling with a terrible problem.

"I knew the whole crew of the Neptune, from her commander down," cried the captain. "Is it possible that this is where they are! Poor fellows! Poor fellows!"

"You can see the rest of them if you will walk over to the shanties, sir," said Dick, "but shall I send the treasures out to the steamer and not keep your men waiting?"

"Yes, yes," said the captain, as he gave an order to his men, explaining to them to guard the lunatic as he was his own dear brother.

Lem took the jewels and money and carried them to the cutter, then he got in with Hercules and was rowed out to the steamer.

"Put the treasures in my own state-room, and guard them well," said the captain. "I will come back to the steamer after I have seen the rest of these poor fellows."

As soon as he saw King Flappy-Doo he recognized him at once, but the others had changed so greatly that he could not place them.

He remained on the island for about an hour, and then went back to the steamer, taking Ned and several of the lunatics with him.

"I'll come back as soon as I have put on some old clothes," he said to Dick. "I want to have a look at that underground passage."

Dick, King Flappy-Doo and the Chancellor were left on the island, and they amused themselves by eating a light lunch of bananas and mangoes.

In a short time the captain came back and brought Ned with him, and Dick sent the last of the lunatics out to the steamer under Ned's protection.

"Now we'll explore the passage, sir," said Dick. "I see you thought to bring some lanterns."

"Yes, I brought two," replied the captain, handing one to Dick.

They walked down to the big rock, and as they stood looking down into the hole in the ground Dick told the captain how they had watched the Pirate land with his imps and go down in the hole, after rolling the rock away, in what seemed to them then a miraculous manner. Then he told how he had followed the Pirate through the passage and out at the other end, and finally shot him just as he was picking up his bow and arrows.

The captain listened to the wonderful tale, and then complimented Dick again on his courage and spirit.

They crawled through the passage much more comfortably with the aid of the lanterns, as the light enabled them to see the sharp corners before they bumped into them, and bruised their bodies.

Dick was nearly in sight of the jewel room, as Ned called it, when he heard the captain, who was a little way behind him, cry out that he had found a treasure.

Dick waited for him and examined it by the light of his lantern.

"It's a lady's bracelet, as true as I live!" he cried, admiringly. "And as full of precious stones as the gold will hold. Well, captain, that will repay you for your sore knees and bruises, won't it?"

"Yes, it will indeed," said the captain, "for it is worth a good bit of money. I wonder how it happened that you boys overlooked it."

"Well, I'm glad we did," said Dick, "for it gave you the pleasure of finding it, but see here is the place where we found the necklace and money."

They looked around a little longer in hopes of not leaving anything of value behind them, and then crawled up through the second opening, and started back toward the shanties.

"I shall give the bracelet to my wife," said the captain. "She is on board of the Adelaide, and will be delighted to have it."

"Oh, I am delighted to hear that there is a lady aboard!" said Dick. "You see, I have a mother and one sister, and I am really homesick to see them."

"My daughter is aboard also. She is about your age," continued the captain. "I am sure you will like her, for she is a perfect darling."

"Oh, I shall fall in love with her on sight, I am sure of it," cried Dick. "But, oh, captain, what will she think of me in my ragged coat and trousers?"

"My daughter is a sensible girl; she will understand your position as well as I do. We don't expect a shipwrecked lad to be dressed like a dandy."

"It was just ten weeks ago to-day that we drifted to this place," said Dick, consulting his note-book, which he showed to the captain.

"Poor Dr. Hargous died before we got here; and that makes me think, captain, I am the resident physician of Lunatic Island."

The captain looked at him wonderingly, and just then they came up to the shanty where Doctor Dick's sign was still hanging.

"There's my sign, captain," laughed Dick, "and I can assure you it was a lucky thing for me that I thought of doing it. You see, I had to get the confidence of the lunatics some way, and as I had the medicine case that belonged to poor Dr. Hargous, I made believe that I was a doctor who had come to cure them."

"And did they receive you kindly?" asked the captain, with interest.

"Yes, indeed!" cried Dick. "Why, they even tried to crown me King Flappy-Doo the Third, but I wouldn't have it."

The captain stared at him as though he thought he was crazy, too, so Dick hurried to explain about the King and his title.

"It would be very funny if it wasn't so sad," said the captain, "and to think that one of those poor creatures was my own dear brother!"

Dick said nothing, for he felt that the captain was suffering deeply.

They were still standing before the shanty upon which the sign was hanging.

"Shall you take it home with you as a souvenir?" asked the captain, pointing toward the sign.

"I don't think so," replied Dick. "I guess I'll leave it for the monkeys. They've been trying to read it ever since I put it up there."

"Well, what are your plans for the care of the lunatics when we reach port? Of course I shall take care of my brother," said the captain, as they walked back to the shore.

"I shall take care of them myself, if I don't find their relatives," said Dick, promptly. "I don't know how I can use the Pirate's gold to any better advantage. I can put them in some private institution where they will be well treated, and give them better medical attendance than they had on Lunatic Island."

"You are a noble boy, and I will help you all I can," said the captain, as he signaled for his cutter to come and get him.

"I shall tell the authorities, both at Melbourne and all the other ports of Australia, that you have cleared the unknown waters of that dreadful pirate, and that you have also proven the existence of the Mysterious Islands. They ought to reward you hand-

somely for that as well as for the care that you have given these poor crazy seamen."

"I hope the Mysterious Islands will not escape again," laughed Dick. "Isn't there some way, captain, of anchoring them in their present location?"

"My first officer is anchoring them all right by means of latitude and longitude," laughed the captain. "We shall recognize them again if we ever see them."

"Well, then, I hope my reward will be a swift passage home to the United States, for, between you and me, captain, there are three people that I wish to see very badly, and they are my father and mother and my tailor."

"You shall see them very soon," said the captain, kindly, "but here is the cutter, my brave Doctor Dick, so you must say good-by to Lunatic Island."

[THE END.]

No. 2 of "Three Chums" is out to-day. "Three Chums' Return; or, Back at School."

[This story commenced in No. 262.]

Dick Dareall

The Yankee Boy Spy;

OR,

Young America in the Philippines.

By ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "The White Nine," "Fast Mail Fred," "The Silver Wheel," "Two Boys From Nowhere," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

SWIMMING THE BAG-BAG.

These were the most exciting moments of Dick's life. Never before had he been thrilled as he was being thrilled then!

Mingled with the rest was a feeling of exhilaration, and also a feeling of horror at what was about to happen, and of sorrow that such scenes as he was then an actor in were necessary.

It seemed terrible to be trying to kill human beings, but the thought did not seem so repugnant as he had thought it would.

Still, he wished the Filipinos might flee before the Americans were upon them, so as to save bloodshed.

They did not, however, but stood behind the breastworks and kept firing until the boys were fairly upon them, and were swarming over the barricade.

Then they fled, leaving a number of dead and wounded on the field.

The battle was over, and the Americans had won, with none killed and only eight wounded.

It was the first time the boys of the Twentieth Kansas had ever smelled the smoke of battle, but any one to have seen them would never have guessed it. Colonel Funston declared they fought like old veterans.

Of course there were exceptions to this rule, and one of those exceptions was found lying behind a pile of brush as the regiment was returning to camp.

It was Gilbert Marmaduke, and as Dick Dareall and those in the front ranks reached him, Gilbert cowered down, and with his arms held over his face and head, as if fearing he would be hit there, he said, beseechingly:

"Please don't shoot me, Mr. Filipinos! I didn't kill any of you! I didn't fire a shot! Oh, please don't hurt me!"

The boys were disgusted.

"Great Scott! What a coward!" cried one.

"You're a beauty!" cried another.

"Never fired a shot, eh?" from another. "Well, you're a beauty!"

"Get up!" cried another, giving Marmaduke a kick. "Get up! The danger is past! You won't be hurt!"

Marmaduke looked up, and even in the moonlight it could be seen that he was very pale.

"Oh, it's you boys!" he cried, in a relieved voice. "Say, I—I fell, and—and sprained my ankle! I tried to keep going, but couldn't do it."

This was greeted with a shout of derisive laughter from the boys.

"That's a likely story!"

"Let's see your ankle, Marmaduke. Is it swollen much?"

"That yarn don't jibe with what you were just saying, Marmaduke!"

"Well, it's a fact, just the same!" he whined, getting to his feet with seeming difficulty. "You fellows needn't get so fresh!"

"Oh, we learned it from you!" laughed one.

Colonel Funston rode up at this moment.

"What is the trouble here?" he asked.

"Private Marmaduke has sprained his ankle, sir," replied Dick Dareall.

"Ah!" exclaimed Funston. "Is that so? Let's see how badly sprained it is?"

Then to the youth he said:

"Private Marmaduke, walk ten paces! Forward, march!"

Poor Gilbert had really sprained his ankle slightly, but he limped worse than there was any need of his doing when he walked the ten paces, as ordered. He could not fool Funston, however, and the colonel said sharply:

"I guess your ankle is not seriously injured! Fall in!" and Marmaduke had to take his place and walk along with the rest.

Camp was reached at last, and the rest of the night passed quietly.

The boys were greatly elated over their victory, and had many stories to tell each other next day, of individual experiences and of their feelings while under fire.

Gilbert Marmaduke did not offer to tell how he felt, however, but sat and smoked cigarettes in sullen silence.

That day the order came for the regiment to advance two miles, and this was done, the work taking up most of the day. From this position a second battle was fought a couple of nights later, and Dick Dareall covered himself with glory, by being a close second to Colonel Funston in reckless daring, which was something to be proud of, for the little colonel was a fighter, and absolutely fearless.

Another advance of a mile was made next day, and a couple of nights afterward another engagement took place.

The boys were getting used to it now, were becoming veterans in everything except age, and were winning a reputation for dashing bravery in action that was making them famous.

Dick was proud of the boys, and they were proud of him, and Colonel Funston was proud of Dick and the boys of his regiment.

It was dreary work soldiering in the interior, however, and the heat and myriads of insects made life anything but pleasant. The boys had to be on guard against snakes, tarantulas and other poisonous reptiles constantly, too.

From this time on there were many skirmishes and engagements, and with each one the armies, made up of the regiments from the different States, kept advancing farther and farther inland, driving the insurgents backward and ever backward.

Dick was not much in the company of his chum, Mark Cramer, as he had been before being made a lieutenant, but they were together a good deal, and whenever they received letters from home, or papers, they managed to get together to read to each other.

Dick was always very happy after receiving a letter from home, and Gilbert Marmaduke could always tell when Dick had received news from home. And he would grit his teeth, and suffer the pangs of the most bitter jealousy, for he knew that in each letter to Dick from his mother was one from Lottie Lee as well.

"Oh, I wish I could think up some scheme for getting the better of the fellow!" Gilbert often said to himself, but he could think up no plan, and would have to dismiss the subject.

When he had nothing else to do, Dick put in his time studying up on military tactics, and Colonel Funston aided and encouraged Dick in this, for he had taken a liking to the brave youth. The little colonel had works on the subject, and loaned them to Dick, who conned their pages eagerly, for he was determined to make himself fit to take command of a regiment if the necessity should arise.

Dick was now thoroughly conversant with his duties as lieutenant, and was a trustworthy and valuable officer and aid to Colonel Funston.

In one engagement Dick was wounded, but not seriously, and he was only confined to his tent three days. Of course, in writing home, he did not mention this, knowing his mother and Lottie Lee would be badly frightened and greatly worried, and would imagine it worse than it really was.

Every day or two they would have a brush with the Filipinos, and each time they moved further inland.

At last the regiment reached and camped on the bank of the Bag-Bag river, but although the spot was otherwise desirable as a camping place, on account of being handy to water, it was feared they would have to fall back a half mile or so on account of a Filipino battery of three or four guns manned by about sixty insurgents, the battery being located just across the river.

Colonel Funston was stubborn, however.

"This is too nice a camp site to leave," he said, "and I am not going to retire. I am going to cross the river and capture that battery, and to that end I am going to call for volunteers to go with me."

"We shall have to swim the river under fire," he continued, "and I want you to understand just what you will encounter before you decide to risk it. I want six men. Who will be the first to volunteer?"

Instantly Dick Dareall stepped forward.

"I will go, Colonel Funston," he said, quietly.

"Good! Lieutenant Dareall!" he said. "That is one. Who is next?"

Then Mark Cramer stepped forward.

"I will go, sir," he said.

"Very good, Cramer. That is two. I need four more."

One after another four more of the boys

stepped forward, and then Funston said: "Follow me!" and led the way to the river bank.

Here a little raft, consisting of a couple of small logs, with brush piled on them, was improvised, and, putting their guns and ammunition on the raft, the seven entered the water.

Then pushing the raft ahead of them, and swimming strongly, they moved slowly and steadily across the Bag-Bag river toward the insurgent battery, while ping! ping! ping! went the bullets past the ears of the bold swimmers!

CHAPTER XX.

DETAILED FOR SERVICE AS A SPY.

One of the boys was slightly wounded by a Filipino's bullet, but luckily neither of the seven were killed.

Closer and closer to the shore approached the raft, and presently the feet of the swimmers touched bottom. Then seizing their guns, the seven daring fellows leaped ashore and, firing as they ran, rushed upon the men manning the battery!

The engagement was short and sharp, the Filipinos taking to the timber in affright, leaving several dead behind them.

Acting under Funston's orders, the boys took the guns off the carriages, and threw them into the river. Then the carriages were rolled into the water until out of sight, after which the daring little band swam back to the other shore, none the worse for the adventure, save for a wetting, which in that warm climate was thought nothing of.

Skirmishes and engagements were frequent nowadays, and the boys settled down to take the life of a soldier philosophically.

Days, weeks and even months passed, and matters seemed to be moving slowly. The American armies could not seem to make much headway. The Filipinos were upon familiar ground, while the Americans knew not which way to turn, nor where to look for their enemies. The slippery fellows were here to-day, there to-morrow, and somewhere else the next day, and it was in this exigency that General Lawton sent for Dick Dareall.

When the youth appeared before him, the general looked at Dick searchingly for a few moments, and then said:

"Lieutenant Dareall, are you willing to leave the ranks for a while, and go upon an expedition as a spy into the enemy's country?"

Dick bowed. "I am willing to do whatever is deemed best for the interests of the American army, sir," Dick replied.

"You are willing to go, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you are an officer now, and as such I have no right to ask you to go upon special service of this kind. The place of an officer is, of course, with his regiment, and you can, if you wish, plead this as an excuse, and keep from going."

The general's keen eyes were watching the youth's face closely. Evidently he was curious to know what Dick would say. He soon found out.

"General Lawton," the youth said, earnestly, "if I were the colonel of the regiment instead of only a lieutenant, it would make no difference. If I can do more good as a spy, why then I should consider myself a traitor to my country should I refuse to go. I am ready and willing to go, sir, and will say that I consider it an honor to be selected for the duty over the heads of hundreds of others."

General Lawton's eyes sparkled. "Bravely spoken!" he cried. "My boy, I was confident you would be willing to go, and as you say, it is an honor, and a compliment to you as well, to be selected for the duty. Of course, your efficiency in the other instance made me desirous of securing you for this service, as in that affair you were tried and found not wanting. If I were to choose a new man, he might be found wanting; it would be an experiment, while with you I feel sure of results. Then you will go?"

Dick bowed. "I will!" he said. "How soon can you be ready?" "At any moment. I am ready now." "Very well. Sit down, while I give you the necessary instructions."

Dick seated himself, and the general began his explanation of what was to be done. "What I want you to do, Dick, is this," began the general. "I want you to go into the interior, learn the lay of the land, find out where the insurgents are located, how well entrenched they are, and how well armed. Also, I wish you to learn, if possible, where Aguinaldo's headquarters is. If I could succeed in capturing the insurgent leader, I think it would be possible to bring this war to a close pretty shortly. Do you feel like attempting this dangerous work, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick, quietly.

"Very well; it is settled, then."

"When shall I start, General Lawton?"

"You had better wait until tonight. You will take a horse, and what provisions you think you will need. Go well armed, also."

"I shall do so, sir."

"And, Dareall, report at the earliest possible moment, after having discovered anything of importance."

"I will do so, sir."

"Very well. Good-by, Dick. God protect and bless you!"

"Thank you, sir. Good-by," and shaking the general's hand, which the old warrior extended, Dick returned to his tent.

Dick found his chum, Mark Cramer, there, and told him why the general had sent for him.

"I'm to go into the interior, Mark," said Dick, "and may be gone two or three weeks—indeed I may never return, old fellow!"

Mark's face paled.

"Don't talk like that, Dick!" he said, his voice trembling. "It makes me shiver!"

"Well, it is quite possible that such a thing should happen, Mark," said Dick, quietly, "and it is just as well to look things squarely in the face."

"Yes, I guess you are right, Dick; but it doesn't sound pleasant, just the same!"

"Well, I won't talk about it any more," with a smile. Then, suddenly Dick started, looked at his chum, and, saying, "I'll be back soon," left the tent.

Dick made his way to General Lawton's tent, and told the orderly to ask the general if he might see him.

The orderly went inside, but came out again quickly.

"The general will see you," he said. "Step inside," and he held the door-flap aside for Dick to enter.

"Ah, Dick! Glad to see you!" the general said. "What can I do for you?"

"I have come to ask, General Lawton, who you intended appointing to my place while I am gone?"

"There was an eager, excited light in the youth's eyes, and the old soldier seemed to know by instinct what was in Dick's mind."

"Really, Dick, I had not given the matter any thought," the general said. "But since you have broached the subject, I will say that it would please me greatly to have you recommend someone for the position. Could you help me out by doing this?"

"That's the very thing I came back to do, sir!" cried Dick, eagerly. "I would like to recommend my chum, Mark Cramer, for the place. He is capable of filling the position, and it will please me very much to have him fill my place while I am gone."

"Your wishes shall be observed in this matter, Dareall. Here! wait a moment!" and writing a few sentences on a piece of paper, General Lawton handed it to Dick.

"Read it," he said.

Dick obeyed, and this is what he read:

"To COLONEL FUNSTON:—

"By order of the undersigned Private Mark Cramer, of your regiment, is appointed Lieutenant pro tem, vice Lieutenant Dick Dareall, absent on special service, said Mark Cramer to be acting Lieutenant until Lieutenant Dareall returns.

(Signed.) LAWTON."

"Will that do?" the general asked.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Dick. "I thank you, General Lawton!"

"It is nothing. I am still owing you favors, Dareall!"

"It doesn't seem that way to me, sir," said Dick, and then, saluting, he left the general's tent and hastened back to his own.

"You're a lieutenant now, Mark!" Dick cried, holding up the paper. "You are to fill my place while I am gone, and here is the paper to prove it!"

"What do you mean, Dick?" asked Mark. "Me a lieutenant? I guess not!"

"You are! Read that!" and Dick held the paper up in front of Mark.

"You are the blindest fellow, Dick!" said Mark. "You are always thinking of your friends."

"Well, that's the way to do, Mark. I know my friends think of me a great deal, too!"

"So they do, Dick. I am sure! I don't see how they could help it!"

"If I should never come back, you would be lieutenant permanently, Mark."

"There you go again, Dick!" said Mark, reproachfully. "I told you not to talk that way, didn't I?"

"Yes; I won't do it again, old man."

"Don't. I hope I won't be a lieutenant a week, Dick!"

"Well, perhaps you won't be. I may be back within that time."

"I hope so!"

"Dick told Colonel Funston what he was to do, and the colonel picked out a good, tough pony for Dick to ride, and assisted him by advice and in every other way he could, and at nine o'clock that night, after shaking hands with Funston and Mark, and listening to their last words of caution, rode away into the darkness."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

Dick rode slowly, for he was treading unknown territory.

He did not know where he was going, nor what he was going to encounter.

So he would have to go slow.

The pony was quite willing to do this, and it moved along at a slow walk, stopping occasionally to turn its head and rub an irritating fly off its nose against itself, or to stamp one off from its legs.

Dick was satisfied to move slowly, so did not force the pony to a swifter pace.

Onward he moved, slowly but surely, through the tall, wild grasses of the lowlands and then through strips of timber bordering some stream, several of which he forded, none of them being either large or deep.

Dick kept the pony's head toward the north, as nearly as he was able, but of course he could not keep to the course exactly.

Onward went the brave boy, straight ahead, every step of the pony taking him farther and farther into the enemy's country, and closer and closer to danger, perhaps death.

Dick realized this, but he did not let it weigh upon his mind, preferring to keep his thoughts busied with other and more pleasant reflections.

He thought of his mother and of Lottie Lee, and he wondered what they would say if they knew where he was at that moment, and what he was doing.

Then he turned his attention upon his immediate surroundings, and watched and listened closely for anything which might give him a clue to the whereabouts of the insurgent army or portions of it.

Onward he moved, the pony going at about the rate a man would walk, and at least three hours had passed since Dick left camp, when he heard the barking of dogs in the distance.

The pony pricked up its ears, and stopped of its own accord, and Dick listened intently, and with palpitating heart.

Was he approaching the insurgent lines? The barking of the dogs would seem to indicate it, but as the sound was at quite a distance, Dick decided to go closer still before dismounting.

So he forced the pony to proceed, which it did with evident reluctance.

This of itself was a warning to Dick, for he knew that the instinct of animals rarely if ever misleads them, and the pony seemed to scent danger in the air.

The pony moved very slowly and reluctantly, and kept sniffing the air in a way that made Dick on the alert for a surprise.

He was confident there were enemies not far distant, and when presently the pony stopped of its own accord, the youth did not force it to proceed, but sat still and listened.

Presently the barking of the dogs was renewed, and this time they sounded so close that Dick decided to ride no nearer.

Dismounting, he tied the pony to a tree, then feeling to make sure that his revolver was in his belt, he grasped his rifle with a firm grip and stole through the underbrush toward the point where the dogs were still barking.

Slowly and as silently as possible Dick moved forward, and when he had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, he saw the lights of camp-fires.

Redoubling his caution now, the brave youth stole forward, pausing now and then to watch and listen, for he was afraid he would run into a picket line.

Closer and closer he stole, and he was presently close enough to see that he had indeed run across a detachment of the insurgent army.

Dick judged it was a pretty large body, too, for there were a score or more of the camp-fires, and in each direction, to the right and to the left, he saw insurgent soldiers.

Some were lying down, some were smoking and talking, while others were cleaning their guns, and Dick watched them for several minutes.

He was just on the point of turning and retracing his steps to where he had left the pony when a sharp click-click! coming from behind, startled him, and whirling quickly, Dick saw the dark form of a Filipino standing not ten feet distant!

The fellow had cocked his gun, which was the sound Dick had heard, and was just raising the weapon to his shoulder when the youth saw him.

With a bound, Dick was upon the astonished Filipino, and brushing the gun aside with his left hand, just as it was discharged, Dick struck the fellow a blow between the eyes, knocking him down.

Then Dick leaped away, through the undergrowth at as rapid a rate as possible, for the Filipino had uttered a loud yell as he went down, and the gun had been discharged, as well, and the entire insurgent camp, even including the dogs, was aroused, and the youth knew they would be at his heels in short order.

They being more familiar with the lay of the land than himself, Dick knew his only safety lay in getting a good start.

It seemed to the youth, however, as if he had not taken half a dozen leaps before the entire insurgent army was at his heels!

First came the dogs, yowling and barking excitedly, and behind them, uttering excited cries, came the Filipinos.

And as they ran, the insurgents who were in front kept firing ahead into the darkness, some of the bullets coming uncomfortably close to Dick, he hearing the ping! of more than one as it went whistling past his ear.

"I don't exactly fancy this!" Dick thought. "It is going to be a close shave if I get away from those fellows! Drat the dogs!" as a cur came snapping right at his heels!

Soon the entire pack of dogs, about a dozen in number, were close upon Dick, and leaped and snapped at the flying youth viciously. Indeed Dick feared they might several of them leap upon him at once, in which event he would be pulled down in spite of himself.

The ping! ping! and whistle, whistle of the bullets continued, too, and Dick felt that he was in very great danger.

Feeling that the Filipinos knew his whereabouts anyway, by the presence of the dogs, Dick drew his revolver as he ran, and fired three shots backward and downward right into the midst of the howling pack.

A shrill yelp and a series of yowls and howls told that the youth had wounded one or more of the dogs, and a feeling of fierce satisfaction took possession of the youth. He felt that, but for the dogs, the Filipinos could not have kept on his track in the darkness.

Loud yells from the insurgents greeted the shots fired by Dick, and a perfect fusillade of shots was fired by them, the flashes from the youth's revolver having revealed almost his exact location.

The Filipinos were running, however, and were, moreover, not excellent marksmen, and Dick was not struck by any of the bullets.

Onward he ran, the dogs still after him, but at a respectful distance, the mishap that had overtaken one or more of their companions having taught the rest wisdom.

Dick had had no idea he had left his pony so far back. It seemed to him as if he had come a mile or more, but at last he reached the pony, to find the frightened animal leaning back and doing its best to break loose. The strap had held well, but the pony was strong, terror lending it strength for the occasion, and just as Dick reached the animal, snap! went the halter-strap, and whirling, the pony would have dashed away, but Dick had managed to seize the reins, and with a jerk he brought the pony to a stop. Then with a single leap, he was in the saddle, and was away at a rapid rate, it being only necessary to loosen the reins, the pony being glad to go.

Dick leaned forward on the animal's neck to avoid being brushed off by low-hanging branches of the trees, and made no effort to guide the pony. He felt that the animal's instinct was better than anything he could do in the way of guidance.

The Filipinos seemed to realize what had happened, for a series of wild yells of rage came to Dick's ears, and the dogs barked more wildly than ever.

Soon the pony was out upon the prairie, and Dick drew a breath of relief and straightened up in the saddle.

"That was a close shave!" he muttered. "If they have no horses, however, I am safe."

Onward the pony went at a gallop, and behind, still barking and yelping, came the dogs.

"I had hoped they would stop!" Dick muttered. "In case the Filipinos had horses, they could follow me. All they would have to do would be to trust to the dogs, and they would have no difficulty in keeping on my trail!"

Evidently the Filipinos had horses, for soon Dick heard yells coming from that direction, and the dogs came closer and closer, as if being urged to do so.

Presently the dogs were at the heels of the pony, and from behind came the sound of the galloping feet of horses. The Filipinos had horses, and were close at his heels!

Dick's pony was badly frightened, and was doing its best, so there was no need of lashing it in an endeavor to go faster, but Dick realized that unless something happened to favor him, he would soon be overtaken, for his pursuers were better mounted and were rapidly overhauling him!

He looked back, and as the moon was now up and shining, and they were out on open ground, he could see quite plainly, and Dick saw that his pursuers were almost upon him.

At this instant a voice cried out, threateningly, angrily:

"Halt, there! Halt, ye cussid Yankee spy, er we'll shoot ye full uv lead! Halt!"

It was the voice of Zeke Stubbs, the traitorous American!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Are you working for coupons in our Piano Contest? See offer on page 16.

It has just been made public that a find of incalculable value to science was made at a stone quarry three miles northwest of Akron, Ohio. The find consists of the skeleton of a gigantic man, believed to have lived in prehistoric times, and relics of a time when civilization was just beginning to dawn. In clearing away refuse quarrymen found the almost complete skeleton of a man. The skull was entire and the lower jaw bone of such proportions as to easily fit over the outside of the jaw of the largest modern man. Vertebrae were found, as were also ribs and femurs and the large pelvis bone, which was broken in two. It is believed the man must have been at least ten feet in height.

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OR,

Phil Brown's Vacation Up North.

By C. LITTLE,

Author of "Going Out West," "The Aberdeen Athletes," "Willing to Work," "A King at 16," "Minding His Business," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

RUN DOWN BY AN ICEBERG.

It was eleven o'clock that night before Phil Brown directed the trader to drop anchor and stow his sail in the lee of an island which protected the boat and her occupants from the icy wind.

Phil and Paul had taken turns on deck watching the fellow, while Ray and Floyd slept soundly on the cabin floor.

"Sit there yourself. I'm all right," said Paul, squatting down in a corner close beside the trader.

"See here, you boys," said the trader, suddenly, "don't you think it's about time we came to some understanding? Here you be, a lot of kids, you might say, yet you've had the gall to take possession of my boat and boss me around at the point of a revolver. What have I done to you that you sh'd treat me so mean? 'Twan't nothin'!"



PHIL WAS THROWN HEAD OVER HEELS OVER THE RAIL INTO THE WATER AND FOR A SECOND NO ONE KNEW JUST WHAT WAS HAPPENING. THE AIR SEEMED TO BE FILLED WITH PIECES OF RIGGING, CAKES OF ICE AND GREAT CHURNING BILLOWS.

After the boat was properly fixed the trader went sullenly into the cabin and threw himself down in a corner by the stove.

"Looks ugly enough to chew nails," whispered Paul to Phil. "Wouldn't he just like to chuck us overboard?"

"You bet he would. Well, he can't spell 'able.' We are running both him and his craft and we are going to keep on doing so for some time, I reckon. Glad we found such a nice, quiet place to anchor in for the night. It's not so dreadfully cold here and the moon is beautiful."

"Yes, the scenery is all right," said Paul, glancing over the water. "It's a mighty pretty spot, but it's awfully lonely."

"Well, you didn't expect it to look like New York Harbor, did you? Remember we have come a long ways, and we are in a strange country. For my part, I think the little islands, with the moon shining on them, are just too pretty for anything. They remind me of a lot of big, black, snapping turtles lying quietly on the surface of a very large pond."

"What a comparison!" laughed Paul. "Well, I only hope that they won't take a notion to snap us up, but I wouldn't be surprised at anything that happened. I suppose I may as well turn in for awhile now. It may not be cold, but it's mighty chilly."

"Oh, it's no summer's night, I'll admit," said Phil. "Perhaps we'll be lucky enough to strike a warmer climate to-morrow."

The boys stepped into the cabin and looked around. It was a dingy place, lit by a single, smoky lantern. There was not room for them to lie out straight on the floor, so Ray and Floyd were both sitting bolt upright, with their backs against each other.

"They'd sleep standing on their heads, I believe," said Phil, glancing at them. "Here, Paul, you sit here by the stove, it's warmer."

outen your pocket that I sold them fellows the liquor."

"No, it wasn't anything out of our pockets, except that we had to pay for burying that poor woman that your whisky killed," said Phil, sneeringly. "You seem to think that we are as brutal as you are and that we are going on our way just as if nothing had happened. Why, you miserable son of a gun, don't you know that a murder has been committed right here on your boat and that we, as witnesses of the crime, are bound to report it?"

"I can't see how it concerns you at all," said the man, gruffly. "She wasn't nothing to you and neither was Dan Peters."

"So Dan Peters is his name, is it? Thank you, I'm glad you told us. Just make a note of that name, will you, Paul?" said Phil. "We will need it in our report to the authorities at Toulungate."

"Do you still intend that I shall take you back to Toulungate?" asked the man in a somewhat frightened tone.

"If there is a good house or a prison or a criminal court any nearer, then we'll not trouble you to go to Toulungate," said Phil, very coolly.

"But it would be dangerous to go back. I came near being wrecked when I came up," said the man, almost crying. "Besides, I'm too poor a man to lose a season's business."

"How much would your trip have been worth to you if you had not met us?" asked Phil, a little interestedly.

"Almost two hundred dollars," said the man, glancing sharply at Phil. "If I don't go on there'll be some other boat up there ahead of me sure, and the people will spend all their money with the first trader."

"Are they all so crazy for rum?" asked Paul, "and are the floating saloons the only rum shops in this section?"

"Tain't all rum that they want," said the trader, glumly. "They buy socks and mittens and flannel things; muffers and sich."

"I guess the profit is mostly in the rum, though," said Phil; "but if the authorities knew you sold it, it would cost you an even two hundred dollars."

"But you'll never be mean enough to tell on me," blubbered the man. "If I wasn't so poor I wouldn't sell it."

"I'd starve before I'd sell rum to men who beat their wives or crack other women over the head with bottles," said Phil, sharply.

"I couldn't help that," began the man, but Paul interrupted before he could finish. "What's that?" he said, quickly. "I heard an awful funny noise. I'm going on deck. I believe there's something coming!"

He sprang to his feet and started for the door, Phil bounding after him without once thinking of the trader.

"There's some one shouting to us from that island!" cried Paul from the deck.

Phil was following him out of the door when something prompted him to glance back at the occupants of the cabin. The next instant he sprang back with his revolver in his hand.

"Drop that, quick!" he fairly bellowed, making a lunge at the trader.

The fellow had waited until Phil's back was turned and then, knowing that Roy had a pistol, had reached over toward his pocket.

When Phil roared in his ear he dropped his hand to his side and turned toward our hero with his face fairly pale with anger.

"Curse you!" he muttered. "You are the old imp himself. How'd you know what I was doing when your back was toward me?"

"Oh, I've got eyes in the back of my head," laughed Phil. "Are you such an idiot that you think you can fool me?"

"What's the matter," asked Ray, walking up just then. "I was asleep and dreaming that a whale was after me."

"Did he swallow you?" asked Phil, who was standing in the middle of the cabin.

"No, but he was after me full tilt and going a mile a minute."

"And what were you doing?" asked Phil, with one eye on the trader.

"Oh, I had climbed up on an iceberg to get out of his way and we were just sailing along—the iceberg and I—and chuckling to ourselves that we would be a pretty cold morsel to swallow."

"Gee! you must have had 'em bad! You haven't been sampling any of this fellow's firewater, have you?"

"Not much," cried Ray. "I saw enough of that this evening. But, I say, what the mischief is the matter with Paul. He's out on deck and yelling like a Comanche Indian!"

"I'll go out and see—that is, if you are sure you are awake. I don't want to leave you here with His Royal Highness until you get over your nightmare."

"Oh, I'm all right; he can't hurt me unless he should happen to be that whale. Gee! But wasn't he a dandy! I'll bet he was one of the same breed that swallowed Jonah."

[Continued on page 10.]

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

Across the Continent on Cheek;

OR,

Tommy Bounce and His Funny Adventures.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "Harry Hawser," "Bob and His Uncle Dick," "Uncle Jake," "Smart and Sharp," "Gokah," "The Last Bounce," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Tommy made himself particularly busy about that freight house.

He swiped somebody's dinner can and took it to Jim.

Then he took a hand at moving this thing and that, just as if he were employed in the yard.

He got hold of a label and a paste brush and stuck one on Jim's hogshead.

my own passage," he said. "Jim's all right, provided he isn't too long on the road, but if he gets hungry, he knows enough to yell to be let out, I guess."

Tommy felt somewhat in the need of a square meal himself, and so he determined to put in practice a method which he had tried successfully at one or two places in the far West.

He looked pretty tough these days, with his seedy clothes and battered hat, but he

in his favor if he wanted to ride on any but a freight train.

The very moment he was found aboard anything else without a ticket, he was sure to be fired.

He must therefore set his wits to work to secure a ride by a fast train, having preference for such.

Making his way to the passenger station, he found a crowd waiting to take a train for somewhere or another, he did not know where.

The first train that came along was bound eastward.

The greater part of the passengers waiting went on board.

Tommy was disappointed, but he was used to that.

Then those that had not taken the train went away.

They were simply seeing their friends off, and not waiting to take a train themselves.

Then Tommy found by consulting the time table that there would not be a train for the west until two hours.

There were western trains before that, but they went through in a hurry, and did not stop at this station.

"Oh, well, I don't mind waiting," mused Tommy, as he took a seat in a far corner.

The sweepers and porters around the place regarded him with suspicion, and finally one of them came and asked him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for my train," said Tommy.

"Got your ticket?"

"I've got all the ticket I'm going to get."

"Well, you can't wait around here, if you haven't got your ticket."

"Who said I hadn't got it?"

"Well, have you got a ticket?"

"Of course I have—not got a ticket."

Tommy said the "not" plainly enough.

The porter didn't catch on.

That wasn't Tommy's fault. The man

went away. Half an hour later another one came that way.

"Say, what train are you waiting for, young feller?"

"Next train west."

"Well, can't you wait anywhere else?"

"I can—but I don't want to."

"Well, don't go to sleep and miss it, that's all."

"Oh, I won't miss it."

Evening was approaching, by the way.

It had approached by the time the train came along.

So had quite a large number of passengers.

When the train arrived he was asleep.

That is to say, people thought he was.

He was as wide awake as ever he was, however.

The passengers began to move toward the train.

Then that porter came to him, gave him a shake and said:

"Here's your train, if you're going to take it. You can't sleep here. Come, get a move on you."

"All right," said Tommy, getting up and going toward the door.

He bumped into half a dozen persons before he reached it.

"Come, come, wake up, you're asleep yet."

"All right," and Tommy went on as sleepily as before.

Several persons noticed him, and remarked how sleepy he seemed to be.

Then he got aboard and took a seat in the middle of the middle car on the train.

Some of those who had noticed him were in that very car.

The minute he struck the seat he was fast asleep again.

That is, he seemed to be.

It took the conductor some little time to get to him, as the train was quite a long one.

"Tickets!"

Tommy made no answer.

The conductor took up tickets all around him.

"Ticket!"

Tommy made the same answer as before.

Then the conductor gave him a shake.

It didn't make a bit of difference.

Then he got another shake.

If he had seemed asleep in the waiting room he was certainly dead to the world now.

The conductor shook him to beat the band.

All he did was to snore.

"Poor fellow, he's dead tired," said a sympathetic woman. "I noticed him in the waiting room."

"Let him sleep, conductor," said a man seated near. "He's going through, I reckon."

The conductor tried another shake.

Tommy didn't open his eyes, or even grunt.

"Well, that's the hardest case I ever struck," muttered the conductor.

He dropped Tommy, who settled in a corner just where he fell, and seemed not to know a thing about it.

Then he went on, having no time to waste just then.

Tommy stayed just where he had been dumped.

The conductor had to go through the rest of the train, and it took him some time to do it.

Then there was a stop to be made, and he started at the head of the train before he came through again.

As before it took him a certain time to reach Tommy.

As before, also, he asked that young gentleman for his ticket.

His previous experience was repeated, with frills.

He shook and he shook and he yelled.

None of these things seemed to do a bit of good.

He just couldn't make Tommy respond to his attentions.

"Let him alone; can't you see how tired out he is?"

"I don't suppose he has had any sleep for days."

"He must be going through. So it's all right."

"I only wish I could sleep like that."

The conductor had to give it up.

It was some time before he came that way again.

Tommy was still sound asleep, apparently.

The puncher of tickets gave a grunt and went on without trying any more gymnastics on Tommy.

The next time he came along he did the same thing.

Finally Tommy did get to sleep for fair.

If the man had shaken him then he would have probably awakened and given himself away.

He had had too hard a job before, however, to want to repeat it.

The train ran into Oakland in the early morning, and the passengers got off to take the steamer over to San Francisco.

Tommy turned his overcoat inside out before he left the car.

The lining was all of a color and wasn't as rusty-looking as the outside.

They were half way across the bay when the conductor came along and spied Tommy.

He knew his head, but did not recognize the coat.

You see, he had shaken Tommy's hat off and had a good look at his curly head.

"Hello, you're awake, are you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm wide awake."

"You look it."

"Yes, that's my style. Everybody who knows me says I'm the most wide awake young fellow they ever met."

"Well, I reckon you are, but I had some fun trying to wake you up last night."

"Yes, I know you did," said Tommy, with a grin.

"You know I did!" repeated the conductor. "Why, you didn't know a thing; you were simply dead."

"Oh, no; I wasn't. I was very much alive at that time. You didn't shake me more than three times, did you?"

"I shook you a dozen times."

"Yes, I know, but I mean you had three chances, three trips."

"Yes, I tried three times."

"That's what I thought. I went to sleep after that, but I guess you'd given me up as a bad job and didn't try it any more."

The conductor had to look after something just then, and Tommy changed his seat.

The next time the man came around Tommy told him funny stories and kept him laughing.

He did this on two or three occasions, and the man had no time to ask for an explanation.

Finally, as they neared the city, he said to Tommy:

"You don't mean to tell me that you knew I was trying to awaken you, and yet you couldn't get awake?"

"Of course not. I was not asleep at all."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't have to," laughed Tommy.

"Well, but see all the trouble I was put to."

"Yes, and see all the trouble I would have had if you'd known I hadn't got any ticket."



TOMMY STAYED A WEEK OR TWO IN SAN FRANCISCO, WAITING FOR AN OUTFIT AND SEEING THE SIGHTS, AND WHEN HE FINALLY LEFT FOR NEW YORK IT WAS BY THE SOUTHERN ROUTE ON A VESTIBULE TRAIN AND WITH EVERY COMFORT AT HIS COMMAND.

"Get out of here, you tramp!" growled the boss at him. "What are you trying to steal, anyhow?"

"One of them hogsheads," said Tommy. "It's just my heft, and you haven't put a head on it yet, clumsy."

"I'll put a head on you if you don't get out of here, you young rance-box," declared the boss.

"Yah! You ain't man enough!" chuckled Tommy, his thumb to his nose, as he retreated toward Jim's hogshead.

The boss went after him, and he dodged behind it.

Then the man sounded the head of the cask, saw that it was loose, looked at the label and shouted:

"Here, you fellers, there's another of them casks of beef to go to Frisco, and it ain't headed up."

A couple of men came, put a hoop on the big barrel, drove it down and made it tight under Tommy's superintendence.

That is to say, he cheeked them while they were at work, told them how to do the job, cautioned them to be sure and make it tight, and said many more things.

"You'll get licked if you don't get out of this," said one of the men.

"Who's going to do it?" asked the cheeky young traveler, defiantly.

"I am, if anybody should ask you, young feller."

"You? Why, you couldn't lick a postage stamp."

"Go on, now, or you'll get hurt."

"Hurt nothing. Why, you couldn't lift one end of that cask."

"Get out, I tell you," and the man tumbled the cask over and gave it a roll toward a platform car.

"Why, you can do something, can't you?" laughed Tommy, wondering how Jim felt at being rolled about in that fashion.

He saw the hogshead put on the car, and then he was partly satisfied, though not entirely so.

"I must see it start, and then, I'll book

put on an extra tough look as he sailed into a restaurant, walked up to the desk and said:

"Say, I want you to give me a square meal, and I want it quick—see?"

At the same moment he put his hand around to his hip pocket, as if to draw a shooter.

"Certainly, certainly; sit right down and order what you like," said the cashier, a dyspeptic-looking young fellow of twenty something or other.

"And you want to tell the hash slinger to treat me white, see, and give me whatever I want—you understand?"

Again the suspicious movement of the hand toward the hip pocket.

"Thomas, let the gentleman have whatever he orders," said the cashier.

Tommy sat down at a near-by table and Thomas waited on him.

He got a square meal, and then sailed up to the counter and said:

"Put that down on the slate and I'll come around some day and break it—see?"

Once more he made a move as if to draw a pop.

The cashier ducked behind the counter, expecting to hear a bullet go crashing through the mirror.

When he looked up Tommy was going out at the door, waving a handkerchief which he put in his hip pocket.

"Tra-la-la, young fellow; you'll see me later, if I don't see you first," said Tommy as he waltzed out.

Then the cashier realized that he had been nicely cheeked.

"I didn't say I had a pop, but he thought so," chuckled Tommy. "That's the fault of having too vivid an imagination."

Then he walked back to the station and found that the freight train, with Jim aboard, had started a few minutes before.

"I ought to get there first if I go direct," he mused; "but maybe I'll be delayed. I'll have to calculate on that."

Tommy's appearance was certainly not

"You haven't got any ticket?" gasped the other.

"Nixey."

"How do you expect to travel if you haven't any ticket?"

"On cheek," chuckled Tommy. "I've come pretty nearly three thousand miles on it, and I guess it's pretty fresh yet."

"What, are you that young fellow?"

"Tommy Bounce? That's me."

"But you had a coon with you. What's become of him?"

"Oh, I sent him on by freight."

"But haven't you any money?"

"Not a cent!" and Tommy turned out his pockets.

"Well, well; it does seem wonderful. I don't see how you did it."

"I'll tell you some time," said Tommy.

"But see here, I can't let you off without your ticket. I'll have to have you arrested."

"It won't do you a bit of good," laughed Tommy. "What'll you do? Take me to the station? I'm fined for riding without a ticket? Well, I've got here, won my bet and will have money to burn, to pay my fine."

"But you are not there yet. You haven't won your bet till you land in San Francisco."

"Then watch me land," said Tommy, making a break.

He ran forward, got on the upper deck and jumped to a low shed, from which he could easily reach the ground.

Then he got away as quickly as possible, turned his coat right side out, and sauntered along in search of a breakfast.

An hour or two later he was in the neighborhood of the freight depot.

They were unloading big casks from platform cars.

He got near them, and was nosing about when a man came up to him and said:

"Well, you've done it, I see. You're Tommy Bounce. I'm Blank."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Blank. You got your stuff all right at Reno?"

"Oh, yes. That was a neat trick of yours."

"But you didn't keep up with me, did you? You've followed me all the way?"

"All the way."

"Well, what do you think? That it's been square?"

"Yes, but how about Jim? Weren't you to take him along?"

"He was not in my bet."

"But if he isn't here, he loses."

"Yes, if he isn't here, but—" and Tommy suddenly darted forward.

"Hello, Jim!" he cried, kicking a hog-head that had just been landed. "Come out of that!"

"A right, Marse Tommy," sounded a muffled voice.

Then, in a jiffy, the head of the big cask flew off and up stood Jim.

"Good mornin', sah. Golly, I got most tiahed ter deff ridin' in dat yer hog-head. De nex' time we use dat sot ob a ca'lage on his trip, it am you' t'n to use it, not mine. Ridin' in hog-heads am de limit."

Then he got out and limped away, leaving the men around the freight station very much astonished.

"Won't you come and have dinner with me?" asked Blank.

"Not yet. I've got to send word that I'm here. You can come with me if you like."

He went to the nearest telegraph office and wrote out the following message to his father:

"DEAR POP—Jim and I have just arrived. Blank is here. Wire instructions."

"TOMMY."

Then he shoved the message in at the window and said:

"Send that on the rush—collect."

"But we don't know you," said the clerk.

"Well, that's not my fault. I am not responsible for your ignorance."

The clerk seemed undecided, and finally called another clerk.

This one looked at the message, and then at Tommy, and said:

"Are you Tommy Bounce?"

"That's me."

"How do I know you are?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm not a mind reader. If you know I am Tommy Bounce, why should I want to know the why of it?"

"Ob co'se he am Tommy Bounce," spoke up Jim Gloom. "Didn't yo' heerd all abot us in de papahs? Don't stan' dere askin' foolish questions, but sen' de telegraph off to Marse Tommy's paw, so's he'll know we am yer."

"That's all right," laughed the clerk.

"I can vouch for the young gentleman," said Blank.

"Oh, can you?" said the clerk, who did not seem to like Blank's interference.

"Who's going to vouch for you?"

"That's one on you, Blank," laughed Tommy. "I'll be around and get an answer in two or three hours. Come on, Blank; Jim wants his breakfast, and it's your treat anyhow."

When Tommy went back to the telegraph office he found a message from his father, complimenting him on having completed his trip successfully, and telling him to go to a certain bank and collect the sum of five thousand dollars.

Tommy went, was identified, got the money, and then said to Blank:

"I'll dine with you to-night at the Palace

Hotel, Blank, at your expense. You've had an easier time of it coming across the continent than I have, and you can afford to treat. Private parlor, mind, first-class dinner, champagne included. I'll be on hand at eight o'clock."

"Cheeky as ever," said Blank.

Tommy was there fast enough.

Not the same Tommy that Blank had seen in the morning, however.

This time it was an elegant young gentleman in full evening dress, with a diamond in his shirt front, patent leather shoes, silk stockings and everything of the swell.

He occupied a suite of rooms at the Palace, and had everything right up to the limit.

He stayed a week or two in San Francisco, waiting for an outfit and seeing the sights, and when he finally left for New York it was by the southern route on a vestibuled train and with every comfort at his command, things he had not always had when making his way across the continent on cheek.

[THE END.]

An Eastern Romance.

By "ED."

Of late I have been reading, the "Arabian Nights."

The stories are good, but I hardly believe they are all true.

Anyhow I think I could do worse.

I was born in the east (East New York), and the Oriental images inspired by the daily contemplation of ghost and funeral picnics still linger in my mind. There's where they are principally—in my mind.

So here goes for glory.

THE ENCHANTED MULE.

A TALE OF BAGDAD.

PART I.

Haroun Alraschid was tired.

Haroun Alraschid was mayor of Bagdad, a little place somewhere over in New Jersey.

As Haroun Alraschid was tired it seemed to him to be a very sensible thing to do to call out to his Grand Vizier Moriarity:

"Allah is just. Bring me my white vest and my blue suspenders. I would disguise myself and stroll through the city to see if all is well."

Moriarity obeyed.

"You will accompany me," said the great Haroun.

Disguising themselves still further by putting on white neckties and Coney Island spectacles, they sauntered through the city.

All was still, and a good many of the belated pedestrians had a still on them, too.

The streets were deserted except by cats, policemen, dogs and other animals.

Presently they came to a store in front of which waved many ancient garments.

"Jacob O'Reilly, de French Tailor," was painted on a panel on the portico.

"Allah is great!" said Haroun; "let us go inside and see the wonderful cutter out of bob-tails."

They insided.

An aged Prussian salaamed in front of them.

"Verily—verily," mused Haroun, "has the unbeliever fits or is he dazed by my shape? Rise, Sally, rise!"

"Vat vould you vish, goot shentlemen?" asked the Prussian. "I was galled leadle Buttercup, an' I haf all sorts of gloghes. Look at dem, dey vos de finest in de land. Everydings fit like de paper on de vall! Dere ish but one Yacob O'Reilly, I vos dat man!"

"Allah is immense! You are a son of Shitan!" calmly said Haroun, "let me devour a toga with my eyes."

"Valk right into the bay-window und you vill find a toga," said the Prussian.

The two went.

As they passed the door leading to the song-and-dance bay window, they were violently pushed in and the door locked behind them.

"Allah is powerful—he's got the dead wood on us," philosophically remarked Haroun. "Have you any navy plug, grand vizier?"

But Moriarity was a fiery Frank and belonged to the Sixty-ninth.

"You bloody old cadaver!" he shouted, "let us out or I'll put a tin roof over your eye!"

The Prussian danced up and down in savage glee.

"Not for a kavarter?" he yelled. "You can't fool a Yarmen man!"

PART II.

It was another chamber in the chateau of Yacob O'Reilly.

Over a schooner of the best Milwaukee sat two ruffians of the deepest dye.

They were very wicked men.

They wore red spectacles so that they could see blood all of the time and chewed gunpowder.

One of them was sharpening a tomahawk upon the sole of his shoe.

"Two more victims!" hissed one.

"We will get a big boodle," said the other.

They then embraced and did a society dance about the harem.

Ah, little did they reck of the pale face with sore eyes and a hop-poulitice on one cheek which was taking them in from beneath the lid of the wash tub!

PART III.

Three hours had passed by—nobody attempted in the slightest to stop them.

The good Haroun Alraschid and his grand vizier were still caged in their dungeon cell.

Haroun, like a good Mussulman, had called upon Mahomet for help. But Mahomet probably had other business to attend to, as he neglected to send down several angels to release the prisoners.

As for the Grand Vizier Moriarity, he had sworn till you could light a match at his breath. Finally he, too, had gone to sleep.

All at once a coal hole in the middle of the room revolved slowly open.

Down an inclined plane crept the two ruffians, followed by Yacob O'Reilly.

"Ha, ha!" snarled he. "Dis vos graft. Shumping King William, ve vill stab der suckers mit der heart, and put their dead podies in de shooting gallery for targets. Shakey, vos de gutlass sharp?"

By way of reply one of the ruffians produced a mastodon 'ack-knife, whose blade would have glittered in the moonlight. But as there wasn't any moon it didn't glitter. Truth is always a characteristic of my stories.

Ruffian number swei also produced a scythe, and the two walked upon their heads to where the good Haroun and the brave Moriarity were peacefully dreaming that they had struck the thirty-thousand dollar prize in the Louisiana lottery.

Yacob O'Reilly washed his hands with invisible soap and chuckled his odious chuckle. To tell the candid truth, his chuckle was very snide.

"Performing Pismarck!" he hissed, "ve vos got dem sure. Strike, Shakey, strike! eight hours vos enough for a day's work!"

Hideously glittered the jack-knife and the scythe as they were uplifted above the sleeping victims.

What could save them? not even Sandalwood.

PART IV.

But we can't sometimes most always generally frequently tell.

Just as the jack-knife and scythe were about to fall, a window in the floor flew violently open.

A noble girl with a liberal quantity of nose and a trailing gown came in.

A revolver flashed in each of her hands, warty hands.

"Stand back!" she cried, "I hold your lives in my hands. Hid in the wash-tub I heard your plot."

"Ah! wot are yer givin' us, saay?" sneered the two ruffians.

"You will find out," cried she. "Just skip lively now, or by hevyns, I'll make forty-nine out a possible forty-eight at one hundred yards and you'll be the target!"

"Gretchen—Gretchen! vos you crazy?" wailed Yacob O'Reilly. "My daughter, you vos off your nut. Let de poyls kill de men. Dere gloghes vos vorth nine tollar."

Of course, Haroun and Moriarity woke up just then. Really they had been awake all the time, but they were waiting for their cue, because they didn't want to spoil the story.

In a minute they were on their feet.

Yanking out an electric light Moriarity shot both of the ruffians.

"Time to die?" asked one.

"Yes," responded the other.

"Right here?"

"You bet."

"Say something to catch the boys in the gallery before I die?"

"Yes."

"All right. Take me back to my old home, and bury me for my mother. I have been a bad egg, but I—"

There was a gurgle, the wretched man fell down dead—and amused himself by sticking pins in his fellow corpse's legs.

Gretchen tottered into Haroun's arms.

"I love you," she said. "They would have killed you. This is the Tenth avenue gang."

"Allah Bismillah," said the great Haroun, "I have caught a mash. Moriarity, by the beard of Mahomet, you are left."

"What shall I do with his old nibbs?" asked Moriarity, indicating Yacob O'Reilly.

"Freeze him and sell him for a cigar sign!" was Haroun's reply.

But little more is left to relate.

Gretchen rules it in the great and good Haroun Alraschid's harem, his ninety-eight wife and boss of the gang.

Moriarity has married a Turkish widow with a menagerie of eight children and lives over in Greenpoint.

As for the two ruffians, they got well again and were put into jail in Brooklyn. The next week they escaped and stole the jail.

Kismet.

Allah is great and Mahomet is his prophet.

Lost Among the Icebergs

(Continued from page 8.)

"It's a pity that Jonah didn't have an iceberg handy; he'd have slipped down easier," said Phil, laughing loudly.

"For goodness sake do go and see what ails Paul. I'll hold the fort here. Don't you worry about me!"

"I'm coming," yelled Phil, starting out of the cabin. "What the mischief is the matter, Paul? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Why the deuce didn't you come before? She may not come back again," cried Paul. Phil could tell by his voice that he was very much excited.

"Who in thunder do you mean by she?" he called out, as he hurried over to the port bow, where he saw Paul standing.

"There's a woman on that island," cried Paul. "I saw her distinctly. I think she yelled to me first to come ashore, then she changed her mind and hollered for me to stay here, but to tell her who we were and what was our business. I've been yelling back at her at the top of my lungs, but I didn't seem to make her understand or she don't make me understand. I'm blamed if I know what really is the trouble!"

"I'll yell at her; my voice is stronger than yours," said Phil. He put his hands up to his mouth and fairly bellowed: "Hello there! Ship ahoy! Whoop! Hurrah—on the island!"

There was no answer.

"Hello there, I say! Hip! Hip! Hip! Yah! Yah! Tiger!"

"Good heavens, Phil, she's no Yale College student," said Paul, disgustedly. "What in thunder do you suppose she'll make out of your heathenish noises?"

"As much as she made out of yours, according to your account," said Phil, laughing. "But see, isn't that a light?"

He pointed over to the island.

"By Jove! It is. Yell again, Phil," cried Paul. "I'm so hoarse that I couldn't holler if my life depended on it."

"Land ahoy! Howdy doo! Whoop! Hello!" bawled Phil again, and this time they heard a faint answer.

Phil put his hand behind his ear to make a receiver, and these were the words that came to him faintly from across the water, but quite distinctly:

"Look out for the berg. It is floating your way. The least little jar will topple it over. Come closer in land as quickly as possible. A moment's delay may send you to the bottom."

It was a woman's voice and as clear as possible, but for a moment Phil held his breath; he could not seem to grasp her meaning.

Suddenly he ran over to the starboard side of the little sloop and looked over the rail.

There was a monstrous iceberg actually towering up above them.

"Great Scott, Paul, we are lost as sure as shooting!" he cried. "Quick, raise that anchor somehow while I call the trader."

In less than a minute all hands were on deck and working like beavers to move the craft out of danger.

"If she topples over we are lost!" cried Phil, as he grasped the helm.

"And that's what she'll do as quick as she strikes us," muttered the trader, sullenly. "But I don't care much, so long as you imps are under her."

"Oh, you are bad enough to wish just that," cried Paul, angrily; then he put his hands up to his mouth and shouted his orders.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MINER TO THE RESCUE.

It was only five minutes before they had the sails up and the boat moving, but all saw at a glance that they could not run away from the monster.

"Quick, haul in the small boat!" bawled Phil, through his hands, running aft at the same time to help pull it in close to the sloop.

In a jiffy the big life boat of the Salamanca was pulled alongside and Ray and Floyd scrambled into it and put the oars in the row-locks.

"Come quick," yelled Phil, turning and looking for the trader.

The boat was moving slowly and her owner was at the wheel.

Phil screamed to him frantically, but he did not answer.

"I believe he thinks he can get out of the way!" cried Phil. "Great Scott, but he's a fool. Why, that berg is right on top of us!"

"Keep the boat alongside. I'll go and argue with him. I'll bet he's going to stick to his ship even if he goes to the bottom." Phil pulled his revolver out of his pocket as he bounded across the deck.

"Here, drop that wheel, quick!" he cried, sharply, pointing his weapon straight at the trader.

"Oh, you go to blazes!" said the man, coolly. "I'd rather go down than be taken to Touloungate and fined \$200 for selling whisky."

"Oh, you would, would you?" cried Phil. "Well, then, your conscience must be pretty bad, but you'll never go to the bottom

unless you go with us, so get into that boat or I'll fill you plumb full of bullets."

The man dropped the wheel with a fearful oath and started for the boat in a dogged manner.

Before they were half way across the deck there was a fearful bump astern and the little sloop pitched forward until she nearly stood up on her bowsprit.

Phil was thrown head over heels over the rail into the water and for a second no one knew just what was happening.

If the world had come to an end it could hardly have been more trouble, for the air seemed to be filled with pieces of rigging, cakes of ice and great, churning billows.

The next Phil knew he was being rubbed and rolled over and over by a pair of strong hands, and when he opened his eyes he saw that he was on the island.

"Where are they? Where are the boys?" he whispered feebly.

"They are safe and sound. Don't worry about them," answered a voice, and Phil noticed, in surprise, that the speaker was a woman.

"You were thrown ashore by the big waves," went on the voice. "It's a wonder you were not killed, but we don't find that any bones were broken, although you had a tough siege of it among the ice cakes."

"Oh, I'm all right, I guess," said Phil, smiling. "But is that straight about the boys? Are they all safe, 'pon honor?"

"They can speak for themselves as soon as we get you to the cabin; they are up there by the fire; they were too exhausted and too cold to come to your rescue. I guess you can take him along all right now, Tom," she said, turning to the man who had been steadily rubbing Phil vigorously.

The man, who was a big fellow and as strong as an ox, picked Phil up in his arms and carried him off to the cabin.

When Phil got inside the door he saw his three companions stretched out on rugs in front of a blazing fire, and when they saw him they began laughing and crying all at once.

"Where's the trader?" asked Phil, after they had gotten more quiet.

"Poor fellow!" He went down with his boat," answered the woman, "and with several hundred tons of ice on top of him."

The boys said nothing for several minutes, for the horror of the thing was still upon them.

Finally Phil turned to the woman, who was cooking something over the fire. "What island is this, madam? We have lost our bearings completely."

"This is Mouse Island," said the woman, "but that don't tell you anything. We gave it that name because it was so little. It is located on the very edge of Notre Dame Bay and is a two days' sail from Pilley's Island. My husband works in the mine up there, but luckily for you he was home this night. We saw the berg moving an hour ago. At the same time we saw your boat lying off there at anchor. The berg's been around just on the edge of the island for a month, but she got loose this evening, I s'pose, and started for the ocean."

"Probably the wash from our boat hurried her up a little. It's strange the trader didn't notice that he was anchoring too near an iceberg."

"It was a little hazy when you came in; that may account for it," said the man. "Still, I'd a thought he could smell it, if he was a regular Newfoundland trader."

"He was that, all right," said Phil, with a smile. "But perhaps he had his reasons for anchoring in the lee of an iceberg."

"Yes, he may have wanted to get rid of his passengers," laughed Ray. "Well, he came mighty near doing it. We were sure we were goners."

"Yes, for a minute or two we thought we'd be sucked down for sure, but then a big wave struck us and tossed us clear over onto the island."

"What condition is the boat in, do you know?" asked Phil.

"She's pretty badly stove in," answered the man, "but perhaps she can be mended."

The woman came up to Phil just then with a steaming cup of tea and the man handed some of the beverage to his three companions.

They had only two cups and saucers and a couple of battered tin mugs, but the boys thought they had never had anything that tasted half so good.

"My, but that water was cold," said Phil, with a shiver. Then he happened to look down and saw that he was dressed only in blankets.

We took your wet clothes off and wrapped blankets around you as quick as we saw you," explained the man. "You'd have been frozen solid if we hadn't a-done it."

"I'll have your clothes for you directly," said the woman. "My neighbor, Mrs. Burnett, is drying them for you."

"This ain't much like the settlement we struck yesterday," said Phil. "You people are as good as our own folks at home, while the people we met yesterday were perfect heathens."

"Where was that?" asked the man, standing still to listen.

Phil told them the story of their fate on the Salamanca and how they had met with a very cold reception on a neighbor-

ing island. He could not very well tell the story without making mention of the trader, so he made a clean breast of it and told them all about the murder.

"That's how we came to be his passengers," he added. "We were taking him to some place where we could have him punished."

"You mean we were making him take himself there on his own boat," said Paul, laughing, "and that was the reason he anchored in the path of an iceberg?"

"Well, well, that's awful," said the man, solemnly. "And you say it was Dan Peters who struck the Injun woman?"

"That was his name—the trader said so. He was a big, black looking fellow. I could pick him out again among a hundred," said Phil, scowling fiercely.

"He must be punished in some way," said the woman, firmly. "It ain't the first bad deed he's done. No, not by a jug full. Is it, Thomas?"

Her husband shook his head, but he looked very doubtful.

"It can't be done here," he said, after a minute. "There's neither law nor order on these islands. Why, I've heard tell of no end of just such things," he said, angrily, "and I'm only here about two years. I came from St. Johns," he added, proudly.

"Yes, we're from St. Johns," repeated the woman. "We ain't no foreign mixtures nor half breeds nor Injuns."

"No, indeed, we're native Newfoundlanders," said the man. "And we came of good old English stock, even if we be poor fishermen and miners."

"It's no disgrace to be poor," said Phil, who had finished his tea. "But that trader pleaded poverty as an excuse for selling his whiskey."

"That's wrong, but he's punished all right," said the man. "He's froze as solid as anything down there under that big berg."

"Ugh! You give me cold shivers," said Floyd, pulling up his blanket.

"Yes, it is horrible to think of, but, oh, we were mighty lucky to escape it!"

Paul covered his head with his blanket, and, for a few minutes, no one spoke.

Then Phil sat up straight and addressed the woman: "We thank you more than we can say for your kindness, madam, and now tell me, are we crowding you out of your cabin? Isn't there any place we can go where we will not be so much trouble?"

"Laws no. You'll stay right here," said the woman, kindly, "and to-morrow my husband will take you to Pilley's Island with him, if you are able to stand the journey."

"Oh, thank you, that will be just what we want," cried Phil, delightedly, "but is his boat big enough to carry us four lubbers?"

"We'll make it do," said the man, with a laugh. "If you'll mind the sheet as we go along, you'll pay for your passage."

"Oh, we'll pay you better than that," said Phil, "if you will find me my clothes. I've got some money tucked away in one of my pockets."

"It'll keep," said the man, "so now go to sleep. My wife and I will be next door if you need us. You can jest step out and holler."

"We won't need anything more, I'm sure," said Phil. "You see my friends are asleep already and it won't take me long to follow them."

"All right, then, good night," said the miner, pleasantly.

He went out of the cabin, followed by the woman.

"By Jove! This has been an awful experience," whispered Phil to himself. "Lost in the icebergs day before yesterday in the Salamanca's boat and run down by one of the critters to-night when we thought ourselves safe on board the sloop. Those bergs have got it in for us land lubbers, all right, and they are the most merciless brutes I ever encountered."

He pulled his blankets up around him and was soon sound asleep.

When he awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly on the island and on the water, beneath which was the wrecked sloop and her dead owner.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOYS MEET MISS ROSY.

There wasn't an iceberg in sight when Phil looked out of the cabin in the morning, only a few piles of ice on the edge of one of the nearest islands. He found his clothing lying right before the fire, dry and warm, so he got into it quickly, for the air was chilly.

His money was all right, only badly crumpled and mused, and the contents of his other pockets were in the same condition.

"These people are as honest as we are," he said to Paul. "Why, my money wouldn't have been safe ten minutes on that other island."

"They must have been the riff-raff of the Bay's social element," laughed Paul. "Thank fortune we have at last fallen in with the right class of people."

"What do you think; shall we go to Pilley's Island to-day? This is a mighty pretty spot. I kinder hate to leave it."

"I suppose we'd better," said Paul. "It may be our only chance for some time. I didn't understand how often our host comes home. I don't suppose it's more than once in a fortnight."

"We'll ask him and see. There he goes," said Phil, as he started after the miner, who he saw walking down near the water.

There were only four cabins on the island, but they were quite large and looked comfortable. The roofs were made of boards, with a layer of birch bark over them. Phil took a look at them as he went slowly along, waiting for Paul to get his shoes on and catch up to him.

"Where are you fellows going?" called Ray from the cabin. "You must be feeling pretty spry. I'm as lame as a cripple."

Phil ran back to the cabin and looked at him.

"It's rheumatism, I guess. Shall I send for the doctor?"

"Yes, if you think you can get me one," said Ray, with a groan. "I'm as stiff as a poker from one end to the other."

"We'll fix that for you in a jiffy," said Phil, as he gave Paul a wink to turn in and help him.

In a second both boys had pulled off their coats, and, grabbing Ray, they punched and pommelled him until they were completely winded.

"Do you feel any more limber?" asked Paul, trying to catch his breath.

Ray threw a shoe at his head and sat down on the floor grunting and groaning.

"That was a massage treatment and a half," said Floyd, grinning at Phil. "How much do you charge for your services?"

"Why, are you laid up, too?" asked Phil, starting over in his direction.

"No, thank you!" cried Floyd. "I'm as limber as a contortionist."

"I believe I do feel a little less stiff in the joints," admitted Ray. "I'll put my duds on now, if you fellows will let me."

"We are going out to view the country," said Phil, starting off. "Come on, Paul, let's go down and have a talk with the miner."

When the boys reached their host he had a piece of rope in his hand. It had been washed ashore in the night, with a few things from the sunken trader.

"How'll we ever report on this thing," said Phil to the man. "It's possible he has a wife and children. We must notify them some way."

"What was the name of his craft, did you notice?" asked the miner.

"The 'Daisy Dean,'" said Phil, promptly. "I read it all over the cabin."

"Then she's from St. Johns, all right, and it will be no trouble to trace her owner. We'll wait until we get to Pilley's Island, and, if there's a steamer there, we can send word to St. John by her; but, by gosh, you say that the Salamanca has gone to the bottom!"

"We think so," said Phil, "but we are not exactly sure. She disappeared from view in a very strange manner."

"You might have been deceived," said the man. "You were half frozen and frightened. One of them fogs is enough to upset a man's reason."

"But the captain of the whaler thought so, too," said Paul. "He said if she'd still been afloat we'd have heard her whistle."

"Still there may be some mistake," said the miner. "I can't bring myself to think that she's gone to the bottom."

"And if she has how will her agents in New York ever hear of it?" asked Phil, suddenly. "Why, there's no one to notify them except we boys—the survivors."

"Where was that whaler a-goin' to stop next?" asked the man.

"Not this side of Labrador. He begrudged the time that he spent in rescuing us," said Paul, laughing.

"Then the folks at Pilley's Island will wait for the Salamanca until we get there Monday mornin', I guess. I don't see no other way for the news to get there for a fortnight."

"Great Caesar! What a wilderness to live in!" cried Paul. "Why, if anything should happen to us boys up here our people wouldn't hear of it until the day of judgment!"

"I guess that's right," said Phil, "so we must not let anything happen. But that settles the question of our going to Pilley's Island."

"Is there a telegraph station there?" asked Paul, after a minute.

The miner threw back his head and roared with laughter before he replied.

"No, indeed, there's no telegraph station or anything else. You will have to write the message to the governor at St. Johns and send a man up to Little Bay with it. It's a thirty-mile journey, but he'll make it in a day, so it won't be such a very long time, but the cost of it will be awful."

"How much?" asked Phil.

"Well, it's a dollar for ten words and then a lot extra for the others. I can't tell you just how much, for I never sent one, but I reckon a half pound will cover it."

"And a pound of Newfoundland dough is four dollars, isn't it? I always get rattled when I try to figure foreign money."

"That's right," said the miner; "a pound is four dollars. At home in England it was five and two shillings, so it bothers me a little."

"Well, I guess I can stand a half pound,"

laughed Phil, "but for goodness sake tell me what that is out there in the water?"

"Where?" asked the man, turning to look where Phil pointed.

"That! Oh, that's a seal," he said, with the greatest indifference.

"A real, genuine seal! Is that so?" cried Phil. "I'd give ten dollars for a rifle. I must get a shot at the fellow."

"Twon't do no good; he'll sink if you hit him. Besides, he isn't the kind that they make sealskin coats of, anyway."

"How his head shines!" said Phil, watching the dark spot on the water. "But there's no use in shooting him if we are bound to lose him."

"That's the bother with them fellows. They don't give you any satisfaction," said the man. "If you hit 'em they sink, and if you don't hit 'em they dive. Both ways they go under and that's the last you see of 'em."

"He's gone," cried Phil, who had been watching the creature. "I hope he'll come back and come in a little nearer."

"You'll see lots of 'em in these waters," said the miner, picking up another piece of the foundered vessel. "There's seals and whales and sharks up around here, and once in a while we see a fine pair of antlers sticking up on the top of the water."

"What the mischief do you mean," asked Paul, with his eyes wide open.

"I mean that a caribou takes a swim in these waters once in a while and makes a tour of the islands to see how they are growing. I've had the good luck to see one of 'em twice. You'll see the critter's antlers over the door in my cabin."

"Gee whiz! That's what I call sport, and yet it's not sport either. Why, the deer actually came over here and asked you to kill him."

"He might about as well," admitted the man, "for I couldn't well miss him. There's an old rifle in the cabin that never misses anything."

"Will you loan it to us for an hour or two this morning? I must have a shot at something if it's only an iceberg."

"You can't kill them with bullets," said the man, laughing. "Them critters is only thawed out by the sunshine of kindness."

"Why, how poetic you are!" exclaimed Phil, politely. "You are too nice a man to be buried alive on this island."

"Yes, and your wife is lovely," chimed in Paul, enthusiastically. "Why, when I first came to my senses last night I thought she was my own mother."

"She'd be a good mother to you if she was," said the miner, smiling, "but wait until you see Rosy; she's my daughter; there she is yonder."

The boys looked where he pointed and then gave a whistle of surprise.

"Gee whiz! Ain't she pretty! Why, she's just a peach!" cried Phil, giving Rosy's father a sound slap on the shoulder.

"Who would ever have thought of finding such a girl as that in this wilderness of waters!" cried Paul. "Why, she's got as much style about her this minute as lots of New York girls."

"She's been eddicated in St. Johns," said her father, proudly. "Here, Rosy, come here!" he called to his daughter.

The young girl had been brushing out the floor of one of the cabins, but she stood up her broom and started down to meet her father.

Just then Ray and Floyd came out of their cabin, but as they saw the girl they bolted back in a hurry.

"Is my necktie on straight?" asked Floyd, tugging at it with both hands.

"Am I right end up and in my sane and sober senses?" demanded Ray, "or did I dream that I had just discovered a beautiful maiden?"

"Oh, she's there all right in flesh and blood, for I saw her, too," cried Floyd, "but for goodness sake come on—she's being introduced to Phil and Paul and we won't stand a ghost of a show if we are not in time to muzzle her first impressions."

"She'll like Phil the best, of course," said Ray. "He's a dandy with the girls; a regular lady killer."

"Well, we'll give him a hustle for this one all right. I'll bet dollars to doughnuts."

They raced down to the shore and got there just as Phil and Paul were putting on their caps, after bowing to Miss Rosy in their most graceful way.

"Here's two more of the trader's passengers," said the miner, kindly. "Shake hands with them, Rosy; they are our guests for the present."

"I am delighted to see you!" exclaimed Miss Rosy, cordially, and the boys saw that she was much prettier close by than she was at a distance.

As quick as the boys got a chance they all shook their fists at each other, but, of course, this was done when the young lady could not see them.

"You can have the deer and the seals, old fellow," whispered Phil to Paul, "but look out for your hide if you go to flirting with Miss Rosy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Dewey medals are still going by thousands. Have you secured one? See 16th page.

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

"333"

OR,

The Boy Without a Name.

By GASTON GARNE,

Author of "His Last Chance," "Holding His Own," "Enchanted Mountain," "The Boy Cliff Climbers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREEN GOODS BUSINESS.

"Get your clothes first and do your talking afterward," said Mr. Sawyer in reply to 333's hasty remark. "There's going to be music in the air to-night, and I'm to be the fiddler. Don't you be one bit afraid."

There was simply no resisting the man. 333 gave one look around for Danny O'Neil, but could see nothing of him.

Then he went into the clothing store, picked out a suit, put it on, left his own to be sent to his room, and returned to the hack.

"Now, we can do business," remarked Mr. Sawyer, as they rode on. "Before we couldn't. Come, my boy, tell me all you know about these people. I don't doubt for a moment that you heard the address and know where we are bound."

333 could see no good reason why he should not admit that he had overheard the address given to the driver, and tell what he knew.

He accordingly did so, and omitting only names, gave a full account of his acquaintance with Garry, Curtis and the rest of the gang.

"Just as I supposed," remarked Mr. Sawyer, after he had finished his story. "A lot of crooks."

"Yes, sir," replied 333.

"Don't you think so, boy?"

"I certainly do, sir."

"Are you sure this man Oliver and your Curtis are the same?"

"Why, I can't be sure, sir. You see, it's a good while ago."

"But you think so?"

"I do."

"How did you recognize him?"

"By his face, his height and his general appearance, and particularly by a small scar on his forehead."

"Sharp?"

"We messenger boys have to be sharp, sir. We couldn't get along at all if we were dead slow."

Mr. Sawyer chewed the end of his mustache a few moments, and then said:

"Well, boy, I'm ever so much obliged to you for your friendly warning. I knew you were fly as soon as you spoke, but I did not guess you were as sharp as you are. If this night's work comes to anything you won't regret having trusted me. What's your name?"

Then followed the old conversation so often repeated.

There is no denying that 333 rather took pride in having no name.

He could not make Mr. Sawyer believe it, however.

When he persisted in giving only his number, it was easy to see that the stranger was somewhat vexed.

"All right; keep your name to yourself if you want to," he said, "but you make a mistake in not telling me. Hello! Here we are!"

The hack had stopped.

333 looked out of the window and saw that sure enough they had drawn up before the mysterious house.

"This is the place?" asked Sawyer.

"This is the place," replied 333.

"All right. Out with you. Remember, you are my son. You've come with me from Henrique, Louisiana. Don't forget that. For the rest, keep your mouth shut, that's all."

Thus saying, Mr. Sawyer ran up the steps and rang the bell.

After a brief wait the door was opened by a sad-looking young woman.

It was "Miss Adams," and no one else.

She eyed the visitors critically, but 333 saw no sign of recognition in her face.

"I want to see Mr. Cornwall," said the Southerner. "My name is Sawyer. I've called by appointment. Is he in?"

"Yes," replied "Belle" in a low voice. "You are to go into that room, but nothing was said about the boy."

"He goes where I go," was the reply. "He is my son."

Again Belle gave the messenger boy a critical look.

She still barred the way and seemed about to speak, but just then the parlor door was thrown open and Garry stepped out, whereupon Belle hastily withdrew.

"Come right in!" said Garry. "You are Mr. Sawyer, of Henrique, I presume?"

"I am," replied Mr. Sawyer. "This is my son."

"Humph! You ought not to have brought a boy with you."

"I had to. I had no one to leave him with. It's all right."

"Well, come in, anyhow," said Garry, opening the door wider. "This is not boys' business, though."

They were shown into the same old parlor. Nothing had changed.

"My!" exclaimed Mr. Sawyer. "You're fixed up pretty slick here. The business must pay."

"It does," replied Garry. "Have a chair. You'll find it pays when you come to handle two or three lots of our dough, and don't you forget it. Nothing like it, Mr. Sawyer. Can't be told from the genuine article. Here's some of it—have a look."

Garry pulled out a huge roll of bills from his pocket and flourished it in the face of Mr. Sawyer, running the bills over with his fingers.

There were fives, tens and twenties in the roll.

"Green goods business," thought 333, and he felt rather disgusted to think that he had run against anything so common. Had Mr. Sawyer came up from Louisiana to buy?

Apparently he had. He took several of the bills from Garry and examined them closely.

"They look all right," he said.

"They are all right," replied Garry. "Hadden't you better send the boy out into the hall?"

"No; he stays with me."

"Well, have it your own way. Now, to business. How heavy do you want to go in?"

"I've brought three thousand dollars with me."

"Go it all?"

"I reckon I will."

"How will you have it, large or small?"

"Better make it fives and tens."

"All right; just step over here."

Garry led Mr. Sawyer to a large desk, which stood across the folding doors separating the front parlor from the one behind.

333 remained where he was watching.

All this was old business. There is not a messenger boy in New York who would not have been "on to" the trick.

333 knew perfectly well that there must be a secret panel in the desk, and that the box to be prepared for Mr. Sawyer would be passed into it and one containing sawdust or old paper given him in exchange.

Garry talked volubly, but in a voice too low for the boy to understand what was being said unless he changed his seat.

As he talked he worked.

333 saw him count out a large sum in new bills and put it in a box.

Mr. Sawyer paid his cash, and was just about to take the box when Garry, pushing it further back on the desk, said:

"Just wait a minute; let's have a drink."

"Not for me!" cried Sawyer, springing up and whipping out a revolver, with which he covered Garry. "Hand over that box, or you're a dead man. Skip, 333! Get the police!"

Garry drew back aghast.

"That blamed messenger boy again!" he cried, making a spring at Mr. Sawyer and trying to wrench the revolver away.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

333 was upon his feet in an instant, but he did not start out of the house after the police.

To have done so would have been to desert Mr. Sawyer in his extremity.

Garry did not get the revolver.

Sawyer instantly fired, but missed his man.

In a twinkling the revolver was dashed out of his hands, and he and Garry were down and struggling upon the floor.

That was the time the brave little messenger boy jumped in to help.

He almost got the revolver, too, and if he had succeeded the result might have been different.

But he did not.

It was all the work of an instant.

The next and the folding doors burst open and two men sprang into the room.

They were "Tom" and Curtis, alias Oliver.

"Kill him, Garry! Kill him!" cried Tom, pouncing upon 333 and striking the boy a cruel blow between the eyes, which sent him reeling back against the piano.

"By this time Curtis had the revolver, and Mr. Sawyer had been choked into unconsciousness.

The bold scheme of the man from Louisiana had come to naught, and poor 333 was left to face these scoundrels alone.

It was no use to try to escape.

Tom had his back against the parlor door, and Curtis held the boy covered with the revolver.

"So, so! It's you again!" hissed Garry, springing up and shoving his fist in the messenger boy's face. "By time, you've got a nerve to come to this house! Look here, boy! You'll never leave it alive!"

"No, no! Don't kill him! Don't, for my sake!" called a voice between the folding doors.

There was Belle as white as a sheet.

"Spare his life!" she added. "If you don't, so help me heaven, I'll split and tell the police all that has ever happened in this evil den!"

"You will, eh?" snarled Garry, turning

fiercely upon her. "Try it, you squawking jaybird, and I'll—"

He said no more, for Tom and Curtis both sprang upon him as he made a rush for the girl.

This was the messenger boy's chance, as he thought.

333 ducked under the grand piano, got out on the other side near the door, which he instantly flung open and went bounding into the hall.

If they had given him another instant he might have had the front door open, and been in the street before the green goods men could stop him, but it was not to be.

The door was chained, and before poor 333 could let down the chain they were all upon him.

Tom caught him by the throat and Curtis kicked him savagely.

Then his head was forced back and Tom pried his mouth open.

333 bit him once, but that did not save him.

To his horror he saw Garry produce a small bottle and spring toward him.

His struggles were useless. Half the contents of the bottle went down his throat and for the time being that was the end of 333.

It was a case of knock-out drops again.

The poor boy gasped, choked and fell to the floor like a log.

"There!" exclaimed Garry; "that settles him. He must never leave this place alive. Where's Belle?"

"Gone to her room," replied Curtis.

"Don't you ever dare to raise your hand against that girl again."

"Then don't let her dare to interfere with my business and threaten us. I've had enough of her airs and fine ways. She's not what she used to be. Let her look out for herself. I'll stand no monkey business, that's flat."

The two men glared at each other.

It took Tom to interfere.

"Stop!" he cried. "I'll have no more of it. Is the other one dead?"

"I guess so," growled Garry. "He was pretty near it when I took my hands off. What about this boy?"

"Look at him and see if it is going to pay us to kill him?" replied Tom, with a sneer.

"Well?"

"Can't you see?"

"No, I'll be gosh blamed if I can."

"Have you forgotten Mellen's story the night we had him full in here? The night of the poker game?"

"You don't mean that, Tom?"

"I do."

"But this can't be the boy?"

"Certainly not, but he'll answer the purpose. Remember, it's fifty thousand dollars reward."

"But will he answer the purpose? What do you mean?"

"You fool! Can't you see? Look down there and—"

"By thunder, you're right!" broke in Garry, bending over the boy, "but you can never work it—never! The boy is too fly."

"Yes, but he's only a messenger boy, and don't you forget it, he's on the make. When we tell him what it all means, he'll jump at it, and we'll bleed him afterward. We'll work it both ways."

They withdrew to the parlor then, leaving 333 lying on the mat.

They had scarcely turned their backs when Belle came gliding out from the shadows of the hall.

She hastily drew a small bottle from her pocket, and removing the cork, shook some of the white powder which it contained into the half open mouth of the messenger boy.

Then wiping his lips with her pocket handkerchief, she glided off up-stairs.

Now, this ended 333's experiences for the time being.

If ever a boy was thoroughly knocked out he was the one.

Still, thanks to Belle, the unconscious fit was not to be a long one.

The sympathetic girl had recognized the messenger boy in spite of what he thought to the contrary.

The white powder in the bottle was the antidote to the knock-out drops.

It was not the first time by any means that Belle had occasion to use it in that evil den.

Twenty minutes later 333 opened his eyes and stared around.

He was lying upon a cot bed in a small room which was lighted dimly by a lantern suspended from the ceiling.

Belle stood beside him with a pitcher and a glass in her hand.

"Drink this, boy," she said, pouring a dark liquid into the glass. "It will do you good."

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT PLOT IS THIS.

333 took the glass with trembling hand and drank it off.

"It tastes like cold coffee," he said.

"Thank you."

"It is cold coffee. It's the antidote for the stuff they gave you. 333, whatever possessed you to venture back into this house?"

"It was that man!" gasped the messenger boy. "Did they kill him? Is he dead?"

"Dead, no! You can't kill his kind. He's as bad as the rest of them. Oh, why did you ever come here? You knew what they were."

"Help me to get out and I won't bother you long," said 333, sitting up. "I know I got knock-out drops and I expect you saved my life. I'm so thankful to you. I don't know what to say."

"Then don't say," replied Belle, hastily.

"No, I didn't save your life. That dose never kills. I only shortened your trance to give you time. Listen, boy. You once did me a service, and I'm ready to pay you now. Get up and follow me."

333 sprang off the bed.

He felt a bit dizzy, but otherwise his head was clear enough.

"Tell me what to do and I'll do it," he said; "but why can't you come with me? You're too good to stay in this house. Why don't you break away and leave it now?"

Belle burst into tears.

"Oh, why, sure enough!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "It used to be on account of my mother, but she is dead now. She never guessed what was going on here. Now it is my brother, but I ought not to cling to him. He has made me what I am—a criminal like himself, but—well, never mind, I can't go now, but the time is close at hand when I shall break away in spite of him. Come! We must act while they are busy with other matters. Follow me."

She took down the lantern and led the way out of the room, carefully locking the door behind her.

333 now found himself in a cellar. There was coal and wood here, and over in one corner were a lot of old barrels piled up.

Belle led the way behind the barrels, which stood out a foot or so from the wall.

Running her hand along the wall, she pressed some hidden spring and several of the stones moved inward.

They were set in a wooden box, and formed a secret door communicating with a narrow passage beyond.

"That's your way, boy," she whispered.

"I don't dare to go with you, for fear that I may be missed. Follow on to the end of the passage. It will lead you to the cellar of the house on the other street, where you were before."

"Look along the wall and you will see the bolt. After you are once in the cellar it will be easy to get out. Go now, and for goodness sake never come here again!"

She pushed 333 gently into the passage, handed him the lantern, and closed the door behind him.

The messenger boy did not waste a moment.

"I'm going for the police this time," he muttered, as he hurried along through the passage. "This thing is played out. Whether it gets me into trouble or not, I'm going to give those fellows away."

In a moment he was at the end of the passage, and found himself up against a stone wall.

"So this is the way they get from one house to the other," he thought. "Well, it's a slick arrangement. Wonder how I'm going to get out?"

He looked for the bolt which Belle had told him was so easy to find, and sure enough, there it was.

There was no difficulty in opening the secret door here, and no doubt 333 would have gained the street a moment later if it had not happened that at that very moment Tom and Garry chanced to be in the cellar on the other side.

They were just coming after 333, and there he was standing before them as the secret door flew back.

"Great Scott! That blamed messenger boy again!" gasped Garry. "Hang me if he isn't as slippery as an eel!"

333 almost dropped the lantern in his amazement.

There he stood with his mouth open and never said a word, but he saw Tom nudge Garry and give him a warning look.

Then in the most friendly way the villain held out his hand.

"Shake, boy!" he exclaimed. "Blamed if I don't admire your grit! How did you come to be here?"

"Well, I'm trying to get out," replied 333. "Say, they'll be looking for me. You'd better let me go."

"I'll do better than that," replied Tom, "if you'll just be good enough to tell me how you got out of that room."

"Oh, I managed the lock."

"And found the door at the other end of this passage? Nobody showed it to you, I s'pose?"

"I didn't need that. I had no trouble in finding it."

"Humph! That so? Well, you are sharp. We are trying to do you up. Say, do you like money, my boy?"

"Not the kind you deal in, boss," grinned the messenger boy. "I can't use green goods—no!"

Tom laughed so heartily that he nearly dropped the lantern which he carried.

"I don't mean that kind," he said. "What if I should tell you of a scheme which would give you a million?"

"You can't do it!"

"Oh, but I can."

"How?"

"Hold on. Are you game to do as I tell you if you can see a million dollars at the end of the string I'm going to put into your hand?"

There was no use in saying no, 333 thought.

Therefore he said "yes."

"I'll lead 'em on," he reflected. "Nothing would suit me better than to catch these fellows in their own trap."

"What did I tell you?" said Tom, turning to Garry.

"He's fooling you," growled Garry.

"Try me and see," said 333, boldly. "I'm on the make as well as the next one, but it will be pretty hard to make me believe that you fellows are not fooling me."

"I can do it," said Tom. "Come right along with us, boy, and I'll tell you something that will make you open your eyes."

333 followed them quietly into the cellar and up-stairs into the room behind the parlor, where he had climbed into the window on the night of his former visit to the house.

"Stay here a minute," said Tom, and 333 did stay with his ear clapped to the keyhole of the folding doors, which position he took the instant they left the room and had locked him in.

"Now, then, Sawyer, we've got the boy in the other room," he heard Tom say. "If you want to go in with us, we'll let up on you, and give you a chance."

"Isn't there no other way?" was Sawyer's answer. "I own you are too slick for me. I came all the way up from Orleans on purpose to get the best of you. Waal, I didn't do it, and I s'pose you'll have to let me go sooner or later, but if I listen to this yere there's no telling where I'll land."

"I'll tell you where you'll land, if you say no," 333 heard Tom say.

"Where?"

"In the North river with a big stone tied about your neck."

"And if I go in with you?"

"It's your money back and a thousand plunks beside."

"Good!" replied Mr. Sawyer. "On them conditions, boss, I'll swear to anything you say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If you like good detective stories you should read "Secret Service." Price 5 cents.

Lake Mysteries.

"I believe there is a subterranean river running from Lake Superior through Lakes Huron and Michigan, under Lake Erie, and emptying into Lake Ontario," said a man from up the State. "There is no other theory which certain mysteries of the great lakes can be explained. The surface of Lake Superior is about 650 feet above tide, while its bed is 260 feet below tide level. Lake Huron's surface is 50 feet below that of Lake Superior, and its bed is about on a level with Superior's bed. The surface of Lake Michigan is 300 feet lower than Lake Huron's, and its bed is sunk to a corresponding distance to the level of Lake Superior and Huron. Lake Erie's surface is nearly as high as Lake Michigan's, being 565 feet above tide, but its bed is also above tide, being 350 feet above the ocean level, consequently its bed is 250 feet higher than the beds of Lake Michigan, Huron, and Superior. The surface of Lake Ontario is the lowest of all the lakes, being less than 500 feet above tide, but its bed is 260 feet below the ocean level, or on about the same level with Lakes Michigan, Huron and Superior. So there is a continuous fall from Lake Superior to Lake Ontario, and all the known outlet that the upper lakes have is in the comparatively insignificant Detroit river. It does not seem within the bounds of physical possibility that the Detroit river could dispose of all that great volume of water from above, or its banks withstand the enormous pressure of that immense volume, and the theory of the existence of the underground river such as I mentioned seems to me not only plausible but the existence of that stream is a necessity. All the St. Lawrence river fishes are found in every one of the great lakes except Lake Erie. Why? Because they follow the course of the subterranean river, passing 300 feet beneath the bottom of Lake Erie, and enter the waters of Lake Michigan, thence to be distributed to the other lakes above it."

"The lakes above Lake Erie have frequent but irregular flux and reflux of their waters, corresponding with ocean tides. What is the explanation of the mystery of those erratic lake tides? Simply, according to my opinion, that the subterranean river becomes occasionally obstructed by great obstacles that are constantly separated from the lake bottoms and moved down. Then that supplementary outlet for the great volume of water above for the time becomes useless, and the only other outlet, Detroit river, being insufficient for the purpose, the waters are dammed back, and the lakes rise. At last the underground obstructions are swept away by the irresistible pressure, the subterranean river flows naturally once more, and the dammed waters of the upper lakes subside. That is the whole mystery of the rise and fall of the tides in the great lakes."

[This story began in No. 263.]

The Boss of the Camp;

OR,

The Boy Who Was Never Afraid.

By R. T. EMMET,

Author of "Left on Treasure Island," "Cal, the Canvas Boy," "The Boy from Tombstone," "Nobody's Son," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

KNOCKED OUT.

"Fire! Wipe 'em out! Now is our time, boys! Don't let one of them escape!"

Encouraging his little band, Harry blazed away at the party which was trying to head him off, and then suddenly swinging around, turned his rifle back toward Barney and his gang, and gave them a dose, too.

Rob fought bravely, firing first forward and then back with a steady hand, and each one of the men who had accompanied the boys, displayed an equal amount of courage, but there was something more than courage needed here.

For once Harry's total lack of fear had led him into positive recklessness.

"It's no use, boss!" cried Sam Pendergast. "They are too many for us. We've got to light out or be wiped out, one of the two."

"Not on your life! I'll never give up!" cried Harry, firing still.

It was his last effort.

At the same moment a shot from Barney's rifle took the brave boy in the left shoulder.

Harry reeled and fell over alongside his horse, who, frightened by feeling the boy's body come against him, started off at a furious pace, and flew up the valley like the wind.

At the same instant Rob's horse was shot dead under him, and the next the boy knew he was rolling in the sand.

It was all up now.

Pendergast and his companions threw up their hands and surrendered.

The last Rob saw of Harry he was still hanging over alongside his horse, dashing up the valley.

Was he dead or alive?

Rob could not tell. He hardly knew what his own condition was, as he crawled in among a clump of mesquite bushes and lay there panting, expecting every moment to be discovered and shot.

Three of the toughs spurred their horses after Harry, but we may as well mention right here that they did not come up with the boy.

The horse Harry rode was a splendid animal, and once started there was no such thing as coming up with him.

On he dashed to the mouth of the valley, where the trail divides, one branch going to Wickesburg and the other to Manning by the way of the North Star mine.

Harry held on for dear life.

Faint and weak from the loss of blood, he was not able to pull himself up into the saddle, but as his right foot was still in the stirrup and his right arm still possessed its strength, he managed to hold on and keep his position.

He could hear the shouts of his pursuers behind him, and he expected nothing else than to be overtaken and shot when the horse suddenly turned off into the side trail leading up to the mine.

This saved Harry, beyond all doubt.

He was now out of sight of his pursuers, and they for some reason thought he had gone ahead on the Manning trail, while actually he was being hurried on toward the North Star.

Would he reach the mine.

It was doubtful.

His strength was fast failing.

Once more he made an effort to pull himself up into the saddle, and then his strength left him and he fainted and fell to the trail, while the horse continued his wild dash toward the mine.

Meanwhile Rob had escaped also, for the toughs went flying past him, and headed by Barney, rode over to the hills where the fugitives had gathered.

There was no attack made here, as Rob had expected.

He peered out from behind the mesquite bushes and could see that Barney and his men had dismounted and were having some sort of a pow-wow. Afterward he learned what it all meant.

"Now, gentlemen," said Barney, on that occasion, "I'm a peaceable man, and I don't want no muss. Return to your shanties and get back to work. The mine over the other side of the creek which was opened by that yere young Holloway belongs to me and six other gents. We hold the papers to prove our claim, and we are going to work it, and won't stand no interference from no man. That's all. I don't want to interfere with no man's business, but I want every one here to understand that our claim against that there mine is a good one. From this time forward I'm the boss of this yer camp."

It was like a man proclaiming himself a king, but out in the wild mining districts of the far West such things often occur.

It was true that Barney and some others had trumped up a claim to the land on the side of the creek which Mr. Hollister was supposed to own.

Barney had been working the matter up for some weeks, and now having reached a point in the proceedings where he deemed it safe to make a move, he had boldly run Harry and Rob off their claim and taken possession.

This was strictly a far Western way of doing business, and out there possession is always "nine points of the law."

The mines on the other side of the creek, the store-keepers and the gamblers came to the conclusion that they were not concerned in the fight.

Barney exhibited certain formidable-looking legal papers and they yielded.

All hands returned to their work, and that night was one of riot and confusion.

Whisky flowed like water. The saloons never did such a business.

The camp was full of strangers and many of them had plenty of money in their pockets.

All night long the rattle of poker chips and dice was heard.

Before midnight there were three shooting scrapes and in one of them six men were shot dead.

At half-past one Bentzeman's saloon was set on fire by a tough who threw a lighted lamp at another in a quarrel over cards, and was burned to the ground, taking the Golden Eagle restaurant and three miners' huts with it.

It was only by hard work that the rest of the buildings were saved.

Altogether it was a dreadful night, and one which the miners long remembered.

There were many then who heartily wished the boy boss of the camp back again, for many such nights now followed.

The rumor was that Harry and Rob had run away, knowing that they had no claim to the mine across the creek.

And this grew to be regarded as a certainty, as the days passed.

Startling news reached the camp.

Mr. Hollister had fallen dead in his office the day before the raid, and his affairs were found to be in hopeless confusion.

Barney and his associates fled their claims and organized under the name of the Death Valley Mining Co.

As many as sixty small claims were staked out on the east side of the creek and given to Barney's friends, most of whom started right in to dig for gold.

So the days wore on, and a week passed.

Nothing was heard of the boys, and Barney, who ran things with a high hand, came to be generally acknowledged as the boss of the camp.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE WEEK LATER.

We have allowed ourselves to run ahead a little in order to show the working of events after the famous raid, but we must now return to our hero and deal with other matters more important to the development of our story.

The last thing Harry remembered was when he felt everything slipping away from him and knew that he could no longer hold on to the horse.

The next he knew he was lying on a heap of straw in a small room, feeling as weak as a baby and with no disposition to exert himself in the least.

It was quite dark in the room, but Harry could see that it was just a rough affair made of old boards with light streaming in through the cracks here and there.

He lay still for a while, pondering, the recollection of all that had occurred coming back to him.

The next he knew he was waking up again and there was Jennie Mills seated by his side; he could see her face plainly in the light thrown by a reflecting lantern which hung suspended from a beam overhead.

"Why, Jennie! What brought you here?" he exclaimed, sitting up. "What has been the matter with me? Where am I? Oh, I feel so strange!"

"Hush!" breathed Jennie. "Don't talk so loud. They've come! They are going to work to-night. Oh, I do wish Rob was here!"

Jennie seemed as much excited as Harry was puzzled.

Our hero began putting eager questions, but before Jennie had time to answer, quick footsteps were heard outside and Rob burst into the room.

"They are all here again, Jennie!" he whispered. "Shall I—oh, Harry! You've come to yourself at last!"

Rob dropped on his knees beside the straw and almost cried for joy.

"Why, it's a whole week!" he exclaimed. "We gave you up one time, Jennie and I. There she is, Harry. There's the brave girl who saved your life!"

Then it all came out, for Harry would not rest until he had been told.

It appeared that Jennie, hearing of the raid, started for the camp to warn the boys, but missing her way, had got on to the North Star trail.

She discovered her blunder and was just

turning off to go to Death Valley, when Harry's horse came dashing past her, and a little later she came upon our hero lying unconscious on the ground, bleeding from a wound in the left shoulder, and severely bruised about the head by his fall.

It was then that Jennie Mills showed what sort of stuff she was made of.

It was she who extracted the bullet with no better surgical implement than a pen-knife.

It was Jennie who got the poor boy unassisted onto her horse and brought him to the North Star and actually managed to get him up into the loft above the tool house.

Then Rob came and lent a helping hand. For a week poor Harry lay raving with fever nursed by these two devoted friends.

There was no doctor in Wickesburg nor in Manning, so they had to do the best they could themselves.

Fortunately there were plenty of provisions in the store-house at the mine, so there was no trouble on that score, and now Harry had been nursed back to life again and here he was listening to the story of Barney's doings in Death Valley.

It all seemed like a dream.

He could hardly understand that Rob was talking about him.

Ages seemed to have elapsed since the attack on the camp.

While Rob was explaining Jennie left the room, and when she returned she could scarcely wait to hear Harry's thankful words for what she had done.

"We can't talk now," she whispered.

"Listen, Harry. My father is here with some of the worst toughs belonging to Barney's gang. Since you have been sick they have been here twice before, and yet they have never found out that we were hiding in this room. Can you stay alone, Harry? Rob and I have got to watch them. Don't ask me to tell you now what it is all about. You have done altogether too much talking as it is. We won't be gone very long."

"I'll go, too," said Harry, starting to get up.

"Don't think of it!" exclaimed Rob.

"If you insist on trying it I shall stay here and hold you down in the straw," added Jennie, emphatically. "Now, do be good, Harry. This is a very important matter, and it concerns Rob more than it does you."

"All right," said Harry, quietly. "You two go on. I'll behave."

They were gone in a moment. Harry listened. He could hear voices talking in the distance outside the tool house.

"What does it all mean?" he thought. "Well, I've heard enough to set my head spinning, but not enough to satisfy me. I want to know all."

Suddenly there was a shout outside.

"A spy! A spy!" some one cried.

Then a rifle was fired and Harry could hear several persons running past the tool house.

"I'm not going to stand this, not if I know it," he thought.

He was dressed all but his shoes, and these lay near the straw.

With a great effort he managed to get them on and then seizing his hat which hung on a nail above his head he staggered toward the door.

It was the first time in the boy's life that he had ever been really afraid.

It seemed to him as if the floor was falling away from under his feet.

"Brace up, Holloway," he muttered, clutching at the partition for support.

In a moment he was himself again, and opening the door, he staggered down the stairs.

There was another door here, and Harry opened it and peered out into the darkness.

He had barely time to close it again to avoid being discovered.

Four men were coming toward the tool house.

"I am sure I saw some one shinning around the corner of the shaft house," he heard one say, "but I must have been mistaken. Now, then, boys, I'm prepared to give the secret away. The North Star mine is played out, they say. It's going to be sold next week at auction, on account of old man Rollins' creditors. Ha! Ha! If they knew what I know they'd never sell it. Say, there's a million dollars in sight in the west drift. I know it, 'cause I covered it up myself. Come on, now. Rollins wouldn't answer my letters and wouldn't listen to me. Neither would old Hollister. I called on him the day before he died, and tried to make him understand, but you fellows shall—"

The voice died away in the distance, while Harry, trembling from head to foot with excitement and weakness, opened the door and stole out.

"Jennie is right. This is Rob's business," he muttered. "Well, if I can't be boss of the camp I can save the North Star from these sharks, and I'll do it, too."

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRANGE DISCOVERIES / THE DRIFT.

It was now quite dark, and Harry was just able to see the men enter the shaft house, where he had met Arizona Jake when he made that stand against Barney and his gang.

"The west drift! The west drift!" he kept

saying to himself. "That must be the drift that leads out into Death Valley. I only wish I could get over the hill and find out what they mean to do."

He staggered on, hardly knowing what he intended to do himself, and what he did do was to run right into Rob and Jennie, who came out from behind the shaft house where they had been hiding as they saw him approach.

"Harry, what in the world! Didn't you promise?" whispered Rob.

"Couldn't do it," answered Harry. "I must be in it—no use talking. Say, I've heard enough to tell me what those fellows who have just gone down the shaft are driving at. Jennie—Rob—do you know?"

"That man who did the talking was my father," replied Jennie. "Yes, I know. He made a big discovery in one of the drifts and it turned his head. He has never been the same man since."

"Who are the others?" asked Harry, instinctively taking the lead in the affair now.

"I don't know," replied Jennie. "They are strangers in Wicksburg. One is a Santa Fe lawyer, I believe; the others belong to Barney's gang. There's going to be an auction here next week, and I think they have some idea of buying the mine. They are desperate enough, anyhow. Did you hear them fire at Rob? They came near discovering us. I'm sure I don't know what to do."

"Well, I do, then," said Harry, promptly. "Rob, your father's interests are involved here. We want to know all about this secret. What's to hinder us from going into the drift and finding it out?"

"You can't do anything, Harry. It is as much as your life is worth. What you want to do is to get well, and then we'll make a move on our old camp in Death Valley. I want to see you the boss there again."

"And I propose to be, and don't you forget it, Rob; but that's not to-night's work. I'm getting stronger every moment. Have you a horse here?"

"Yes, two of them. The one you rode that night, and Jennie's. They are around on the Death Valley trail, hidden among some rocks."

"Then I'll ride around on the other side of the mountain and go into the drift," said Harry, emphatically. "It won't take us twenty minutes to get there, once we are on the horses. Who's with me? I'm going if I have to go alone."

There was no such thing as stopping him. Rob and Jennie just had to yield.

Rob led the way out of the mine yard and on to the trail, and in a few moments they were on the horses.

Rob and Harry rode one and Jennie the other. Harry was behind holding on to Rob, and he really managed much better than might have been expected.

They rode around to the other side of the hill, and came out in full sight of the camp.

"There it is!" cried Harry, looking down at the twinkling lights. "Never mind! I've got it in for that fellow Barney. He's having his day now, but my turn will come again. I'll be boss of that camp yet."

"Upon my word, I believe you'll do anything you set your mind to," said Rob. "I never saw such a fellow as you."

They rode on in silence, and were soon almost up to the big stone which closed in the end of the west drift of the North Star.

Here they dismounted and hurried to the spot. Rob and Jennie cautiously removed the stone and then drew hastily back, half expecting to get a shot.

All was silence.

A rush of foul air came out of the drift. Peering in, they could see a dim light ahead, but they could not hear a sound.

"Strange!" murmured Harry. "There's the lights; they must be there."

"Let's creep ahead and see how the land lies," answered Rob.

He had scarcely spoken when a huge piece of rock was heard falling in the drift.

"A cave-in!" said Harry. "Come on! That means mischief. I wonder—"

He did not finish his sentence, but with something like his old energy hurried into the drift.

Rob and Jennie followed.

"Look out! Look out, Harry. Do be careful!" breathed Rob.

But something seemed to tell Harry that he had nothing to fear.

As he advanced toward the light he saw that it proceeded from a lantern standing on the floor of the drift.

A few feet further and he knew that his suspicions were correct.

The way was blocked by a heap of rocks which had come tumbling down from above.

Under the heap a man's leg projected; just beyond was an arm, and beyond that another leg.

"Caught in the cave-in, every one of them!" exclaimed Harry, seizing the lantern and flashing it about.

"Oh, my poor father!" screamed Jennie, rushing forward.

"He's past all help if he's under those rocks," said Harry, gently. "Oh, Rob! Look here!"

Flashing the lantern against the left wall of the drift, Harry disclosed a wonderful sight.

The rock was fairly bristling with tiny

points which flashed back the light with a yellow gleam.

It was gold!

Immense quantities of it.

Gold lying so thick in the quartz that you could not put a pin's point between the particles.

"This means millions, Rob!" gasped Harry. "It's our secret now! I tell you what it is, old man, come what will, we must run this mine!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Let us know what you think of "Work and Win." Your letter will be published.

[This story commenced in No. 265.]

The Boy Mayor

OR,

BUILDING UP A TOWN.

By FRANK FORREST,

Author of "Young Admiral Dewey," "Dick, the Half-Breed," "In Ebony Land," "In Peril of Pontiac," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

TOM TRICKED.

"How dare you accuse me of stealing your money!" flashed Tom.

"Because I saw you do it—that's why," retorted Mr. Secretary Griffin, coolly lighting a cigar. "Go on, Badger; search him. Perhaps he doesn't understand that you are a detective. You had better show him your shield."

"He'll understand all about me before I get through with him," sneered the red-faced man.

He hastily threw back the lapel of his coat and flashed a shield on Tom Taylor.

It was done too quickly for the boy to read any of the letters upon it.

The shield might have been a fireman's badge, or a peddler's license, or anything else, for all he could tell.

"Well, do you want to be searched here or shall I take you to the station?" demanded Badger, in a free and easy way.

Tom saw that he had fallen among thieves.

With his usual shrewdness and quick decision he determined to let them have their own way until such time as he was able to have his.

"Go ahead and search me," he said, quietly. "I've no doubt you'll find the money. I'm satisfied that man put it in one of my pockets. Yes, here it is!"

And Tom, who was feeling in his coat pockets as he spoke, struck the roll and flung it down upon the desk.

"I see into this game!" he cried. "You're nothing better than a lot of bunco steers in here."

"What! What!" shouted Griffin. "None of your impudence, young fellow, or I'll railroad you to Joliet!"

"You will, eh?" flashed Tom. "I think two can play at that game. Look out that I don't railroad you to Joliet, Griffin. I've got evidence in my possession that will do that same thing."

Young Griffin turned as white as a sheet.

"Liar!" he hissed, making a jump at Tom.

He meant to strike him, and would have done so, no doubt, if Detective Badger had not put out his arm and forced him back.

"Don't be a fool, Griff!" he growled. "Don't spoil a good thing."

"He lies! No man can prove any crime against me!"

"Can't, eh?" retorted Tom; "that's all you know about it."

Mr. Griffin swore and blustered, but the detective ordered him to be quiet, and turning to Tom, said in a confidential way:

"Now, look here; don't make trouble. We are not looking for it. What do you mean, anyhow? Show us your cards, my boy, and maybe we'll think it best to throw up the game."

"Yes, but you don't get me with any such taffy as that," said Tom. "These fellows who go on sprees and drive teams down into swamps don't always remember all they say and do—not by considerable. There! Look at his face! He knows now who I am; it isn't necessary for me to show my hand. Mr. Griffin, I demand that you open that door and let me go!"

It was a bold strike on Tom's part, and for a short time he thought that it had worked well.

But the boy mayor did not yet know the lengths to which some of our crooked business men of modern times will go to accomplish their evil ends.

Tom was about to learn a lesson of prudence which he was destined never to forget as long as he lived.

Detective Badger did not open the door. On the contrary, he planted his back against it and beckoned Griffin to him.

Here they held a whispered conversation which Tom could not catch, whereupon Griffin passed into the inner office, closing the door behind him.

"Come, young man; you'll go with me to the station," said the detective. "You are under arrest."

"All right," said Tom. "I suppose I've got to go, but I'd like to write a letter before we start."

"Who do you want to write to?"

"To a friend of mine. I shall want to get bail."

"We'll attend to that after we get to the station," said the detective. "Let me advise you to go a bit slow about making any charge against Mr. Griffin. He can ruin that town of yours, and you, too. He's got a big pull."

"I'll look out for my end of the business. Attend to yours, and don't bother me," replied Tom, as he followed the detective down stairs.

Of course Tom was terribly excited. It had all come upon him so suddenly.

If he had been given a moment to think, country boy though he was, he would have had his suspicions aroused when the detective pushed him into a hack which stood waiting at the curb.

"You see, Mr. Taylor, I'm showing you a good deal of consideration," said Badger, blandly, as the hack rolled away. "I didn't want to take you through the streets handcuffed, as I might have done."

Tom made no answer.

He did not know what to say. He saw nothing for it but to go with this man quietly, and in his ignorance of city ways he never suspected that he was being humbugged by a fake arrest until he got out of the hack in a lonely street well over on the west side and saw what his surroundings were.

"This is no police station! What do you mean by bringing me here?" he exclaimed, looking up at the shabby frame house in front of them.

"Business!" chuckled Badger, clutching the boy's arm with an iron grip. "Go in through that gate."

"I won't!" cried Tom, struggling.

"You will!"

And in Tom did go fast enough.

He was no match for the burly Badger, however.

The "detective" got him by the collar and the trousers and just threw him up the stoop.

Tom felt that he had never been so roughly handled in his life when he found himself locked in a room on the second floor.

Here the windows looked out upon a small back yard with a factory wall beyond.

The sashes were nailed down, and a big bull dog running loose in the yard offered no encouragement to the boy to break the glass.

"If you try to break jail, you'll get shot, that's all there is about it," remarked Badger, as he left the room. "You'll hear from me later on, Tom Taylor. This thing can be easily settled up, and when I come back I'm going to tell you how."

A moment later the street door banged and for the next few hours Tom was left to his own reflections, which were anything but pleasant, to say the least.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LITTLE SCHEME THAT DIDN'T WORK.

Perhaps it showed a little lack of courage on Tom Taylor's part that he did not at once break the glass and try to escape.

But every time he showed himself at the window the bull dog set up a furious barking.

This caused unpleasant reflections.

It would be a very undignified situation for the mayor of Boxford to be caught by a bull dog while in the act of scaling a back fence, not to mention other unpleasant consequences which would be pretty sure to follow.

It was a long time before Tom could bring himself to seriously contemplate such a move.

He came to it at last, however.

It grew quite dark, and Tom's uneasiness became so great that he felt that he would be willing to risk anything rather than to remain in that room.

So he began "fussing" with the windows. Instantly the dog began barking again, and looking out, Tom saw a man appear in the yard.

The man drew a revolver and flourished it at the window. Then he went back into the house and a door was heard slamming below.

It was nearly midnight before Tom tried it again.

The dog had now been a long time quiet and the house was as still as the grave.

"I could easily jump down into the yard," reflected Tom. "If I could only have a minute I could be over the fence and then I'd defy them to catch me. I've a great mind to try it, and take the risk."

He went to the window again and rattled the sash.

The dog did not bark. Once more he rattled it, and pounded on the glass, but there was no sound outside.

"I believe I'll risk it," thought Tom, taking out his pocket knife. "I'll spoil their window for them, anyhow, and give them a bill to pay."

He began cutting away at the partition between the panes, and kept it up until he

had removed all the glass from the lower sash.

This left an opening big enough for him to jump out by, and he was just preparing to do so when all at once he heard footstep on the stairs.

"They are coming! I'm too late!" thought the boy.

He hastily pulled down the shade and began pacing up and down the room.

A key grated in the lock and the door was thrown open.

In walked "Detective" Badger and Griffin, and behind these two worthies, to Tom's infinite astonishment, came ex-Mayor Waddington, of Boxford, enveloped in a cape overcoat with the collar turned up about his ears.

Badger set the lamp down upon the table and Griffin locked the door.

Mr. Waddington turned down the collar of his overcoat and scowled at Tom.

It was Badger who first broke silence.

"Well, young man, how do you like it as far as you've got?" he asked. "Think you'd like to go back to Boxford just about now?"

"Don't you talk to me!" flashed Tom. "Someone is going to sweat for this."

"Oh, yes, of course," chuckled the detective. "Now, then, Tom Taylor, you haven't been mayor very long, and you are not supposed to know much about the business. We have got some important documents for you to sign which rather intimately concerns the town of Boxford, and as they need filling up, I have brought Mr. Waddington with me to do that part of the work."

"I suspect that Mr. Waddington is ready to do any dirty work that the Northwestern Rolling Mill is willing to pay for," replied Tom, steadily. "I shan't sign a thing."

"Yes, you will. Oh, yes, you will," retorted the detective. "Mr. Waddington, draw up the papers. It will not be necessary for His Honor, the Mayor, to read them. He can take our word for it that they are all straight."

Mr. Griffin now opened a little grip which he carried.

From it he took a revolver, laid it on the table, and then out came a bundle of papers enclosed in an elastic band.

He drew two legal-looking documents from the packet and handed them to Mr. Waddington, who seated himself at the table, took out a fountain pen, and began to write.

The packet lay alongside the revolver within easy reach of Mr. Griffin's hand.

"Look here, gents," said Tom, after a few moments of silence, broken only by the scrape of the ex-mayor's pen; "what kind of a fellow do you think I am? Do you really suppose that you can bulldoze me into signing anything in this room?"

"Now, say—" began Badger, when Mr. Griffin suddenly interrupted him with an impatient wave of the hand.

"Oh, come, now, look here, Badger!" he blurted out; "we've no time for any of your soft soaping. Let me talk. Tom what's-your-name, you've got to sign those papers as mayor of Boxford. It's for the interest of the Northwestern Rolling Mill that you do it, and when it is done there's five thousand dollars ready for you. Refuse, and you'll find me able to make you do it, and you'll be arrested for stealing that roll into the bargain. Now, do you understand?"

"Let me see if I understand the situation correctly," said Tom, coolly stepping up to the table. "I am to be paid—"

"Get back!" cried Badger.

"No, you get back, all of you!" shouted Tom, seizing the revolver and flourishing it in the faces of the three astonished men.

Mr. Waddington gave a cry of terror and ducked under the table.

Griffin ducked, too, and before Badger could get around to him, Tom had seized the packet of papers and retreated to the window.

"Look out for yourselves. I mean business! I'm going to fire!" he shouted.

Nothing daunted, Badger made a rush for him, but the boy mayor sent a bullet whizzing past his ear, which drove him back in a hurry.

"Catch him, Badger! Catch him!" shouted Griffin, who was down on the floor behind the ex-mayor.

But it was all too late to stop Tom now.

Up went the shade, and the brave boy sprang out through the broken sash, risking his life in the jump to the yard below.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW TOM RAN UP AGAINST A MILLIONAIRE.

Tom had made a bold strike for freedom. But could he hope to escape?

With the revolver in his hand nothing was easier, as the outcome proved.

The bull dog was on hand and ready for business, but the boy mayor was ready, too. Tom shot the dog dead as he sprang upon him.

Badger looked out of the window and fired at the boy almost in the same instant.

But Tom tumbled over the fence into the next yard and so on into the next and the next until he got beyond the line of the factory wall, when he varied the monotony by jumping over a back fence into the alley and was off like a shot.

Windows flew up and heads came out.

Someone shouted "police! police!"

Another bawled "burglars!" and one excited female voice could be heard screaming:

"Oh, what's the matter? What's the matter down there?"

But Tom left them all to satisfy their curiosity the best way they could.

When he stopped running at last the lamp-post on the corner told him that he was on West Adams street, but as he did not know much about Chicago, he had no very clear idea how to get down-town.

"Well! That's the time I got them!" panted the boy, leaning against the iron railing of the corner house. "The scoundrels! They thought they could bulldoze me! To think that the Rolling Mill should be protecting Waddington! Well, let them wait! There'll be a new iron company in Boxford before I'm much older. That fellow Griffin will find he's run up against the wrong kind of mayor this time."

He looked about, and seeing no one, was just about to start down Adams street when he heard quick footsteps running along the alley behind the house.

Now, in spite of his "fighting talk," Tom was suddenly seized with the idea that it would be just as well not to show himself in case Badger and Griffin should happen to put in an appearance; so he vaulted over the low rail and crouched down behind it in the shadow of the side wall of the house.

Two rough-looking men came out of the alley, and to Tom's disgust planted themselves right alongside the railing and leaned against it.

"Say, Charley, are you going to stop here?" one asked the other.

"Yais."

"Why don't you go on? There won't be nobody along here."

"What's de matter wid you? Don't you hear de mug a-coming now? Two gals wid him, too. Dis place is all right for a yaller super, you bet!"

"Thieves, by gracious!" thought Tom. "They mean bad!"

Footsteps could be heard approaching on the cross street. Then came a girl's rippling laugh and a second girl's voice making some animated remark.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, hadn't we better go down Adams street?" Tom heard one say as they drew near.

"I think we had, Miss Cooper," replied a man's voice. "We want to get home as soon as possible. Provoking that the cab should not have come."

Just then the party turned the corner.

There was a pleasant-looking old gentleman with a girl on each arm, and by the light from the electric pole on the opposite corner Tom had no difficulty in recognizing Blanche Cooper.

"Dear me, Mr. Turner, you don't think there is any danger of our being held up?" she was saying, as they came around into Adams street.

"Not a bit, my dear," replied Mr. Turner. "Chicago was never safer than it is as the present time, and— Well! What do you want?"

Charley and his companion had suddenly stepped in front of the party.

"Say, boss, what time is it?" Charley asked.

"I don't know. Don't bother me!" said Mr. Turner bravely. "Stand aside!"

"Give us yer ticker and yer wad, or taste of dis!" cried Charley, suddenly whipping out a revolver and flourishing it in Mr. Turner's face.

"Murder! Thieves! Police!" screamed the girl on Mr. Turner's right.

Bang! Bang!

Suddenly two shots flew past the footpads and Tom Taylor sprang over the fence.

"Hully Gee! A detective!" cried Charley, as he took to his heels, and, closely followed by his companion, ran down Adams street at top speed.

Tom pursued them a short distance, firing another shot, and then returned to Mr. Turner, who came hurrying toward him.

"Thank you, a thousand times, young man," he exclaimed. "You've saved my pocketbook and perhaps my life. Hello! What's this? We seem to be acquainted here."

Blanche and Tom were shaking hands vigorously.

"Why, Tom!" exclaimed the colonel's daughter; "how lucky it was that you happened to be here. Where were you hiding? I didn't see you! Dear me, how those horrible men scared me! Mr. Turner, this is Mr. Tom Taylor, the mayor of Boxford. Miss Turner, Mr. Taylor. Why, Tom, you are the very last one I expected to see!"

Really, Blanche could let her tongue out at a pretty good gait when she got started, and she was in full swing now.

Tom tipped his hat to Miss Turner and shook hands with the old gentleman, who again thanked him heartily for his timely assistance.

"So you are the boy mayor of Boxford I have heard so much about?" he said, as they walked along. "Young man, I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude for what you have done to-night, and perhaps I can suggest a way to pay it. I presume you are interested in building up your town?"

"More than in anything else, sir," replied Tom, eagerly, for Blanche had whispered in his ear:

"He's Mr. Turner of the Turner Harvester Co., and worth five millions, Tom!"

"Just so," was the millionaire's next remark. "Come and see me to-morrow. I'm looking for a site to build a new harvester plant. I'd like to talk to you about Boxford. Ah, here we are at my door. Miss Blanche, it is time to say good night."

"Good night, Miss Cooper," said Tom, taking the hint.

"Good night, Tom. Don't fail to come and see Susie and me to-morrow."

"You can call at my office on Washington street," said Mr. Turner. "Here's my card. About twelve—or say, between twelve and one. By the way, you have no railroad connection now at Boxford, I believe?"

"No, sir; there's the difficulty. It stands dead against the town."

"Hum! Well, I think that can be arranged. I'm one of the heaviest stockholders in the road, you know. Good night, young man. Don't forget to call."

Tom actually laughed as he thought of Mr. Turner's parting words.

"It's the luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he said to himself, as he hurried down Adams street, "and if I'm able to do business with him it will be the biggest sort of a boom for the town."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Cheeky Jim, the Boy from Chicago," is out to-day in "Snaps" No. 6.

Traffic in Worms.

A number of people in New York find an extensive and profitable business in selling sand worms to fishermen for bait. One merchant of this commodity in West Forty-second street has sold in a busy season as many as 30,000 worms in a week. There are two varieties, the sand worms, or blood worms as they are commonly called, and the white worms.

The blood worms are much more plentiful than the white, running in the ratio of 100 blood to one white. The blood worms are found on a rocky beach, and in sand in which there is considerable vegetable matter. This variety is obtained along the north shore of Long Island, in the vicinity of Fort Hamilton, and along the shores of Staten Island. The white worms are found in clean, white sand, along the south side of Long Island, Sandy Hook, and the coast of New Jersey.

Both varieties are dug at low tide. When the weather is hot they come up to the surface, and when it is cold they go down deeper. They are about six inches long; the white worms rather flat, blunt at both ends, and lined along the sides with a short fringe; the blood worms smooth, more pointed, round, resembling very closely the earth worms found in a rich soil.

Thousands of people are engaged in digging them, and make a good living in supplying the market for them. An entire family devotes itself to the work, earning \$28 to \$30 a week. A single man has earned, at times, \$12 a day by digging and selling these worms.

There is a great demand for them, and it sometimes happens that a dealer is not able to fill his orders. The Forty-second street dealer referred to has a box full of telegrams and letters from Ocean Beach, Asbury Park, Philadelphia, Newburgh, and other places, asking for information about these worms, and inclosing orders for them.

The white worms command a price of 25 cents a dozen, and have been known to sell for \$5 a hundred. The blood worms generally sell for 10 cents a dozen. They are dug with a hooked fork, and are found about eighteen inches below the surface. They must be alive to be salable, as they are not fit for bait when dead. They can be kept alive for a week, and even longer. Hot weather soon kills them, and a man must understand the business or he is liable to lose a thousand at a time.

These worms are used for catching striped bass mostly. Shredder crabs are used for catching weakfish. In catching bass men put on bathing suits and go into the surf, where the fish are larger than in deep water. The fish are very fond of the worms. Sometimes a man need merely lay a worm across his hook, toss it quickly into the surf, and he may as quickly pull it out again, with a fish on the end of his line. It is not an uncommon thing to pull in a fish that weighs twenty-five pounds. At Ocean Beach a short time ago a man landed a striped bass weighing forty pounds. Along the Hudson this fish is often found, but not as large as at the beaches. Bass weighing three or four pounds are also caught from the piers.

Women are quite enthusiastic over the sport of fishing, and the dealers frequently receive orders from them. A woman will visit a worm store in the course of her forenoon shopping and leave an order for one or more dozen, in view of a fishing trip the next day.

Coins, Rare and Common.

The demand for one-cent pieces is so great that the Philadelphia mint is compelled to turn out nearly 4,000,000 a month to keep up the supply. There are at present something like 1,000,000,000 cents in circulation.

If you want to exchange a hundred dol-

lar bill for cents you would get ten good, large bags full of coppers. Nickel and copper coins have no mint marks, neither have coins issued at the Philadelphia mint. Collectors often pay high prices for coins bearing certain mint marks which otherwise would not have been worth more than their face value.

The first United States cents struck for circulation bear the date 1793. They are of six varieties, and are valued at \$2.50 to \$6.25.

Very rare are the New York doubloons, coined in 1787, of which only five are known to exist. On one side of this rare and curious coin is a picture of the sun rising over a mountain surrounded by the legend, "Nova Eboraca-Columbia Excelsior." Below is the name of the designer, "Brasher." The other side has the original form of the national motto, "Unum E Pluribus." There is an heraldic eagle, on one wing of which are the letters "E. B.," the designer's initials. These coins are worth about \$500. The last one sold brought \$527. It had belonged to an old Maryland family ever since it was coined.

The five-dollar gold piece of 1822 is a rare coin. At one time only two were said to be in existence; one in the Philadelphia mint, the other in Boston, but a third was picked up in a New York money changer's shop a few years ago.

"I was afraid at first that it might be a counterfeit," said the collector of coins who happened to spy it. The man was so delighted to secure it that before leaving the shop he bought several other coins which he didn't want. He paid only \$6 for it. The same day he received an offer of \$250; later \$450 was offered by another gentleman; \$600 by another one, but the gentleman, at last accounts was holding it for \$1,000. One of the most sought after colonial coins is the Highley copper. It was struck in 1737 by Samuel Highley, who was a physician and a blacksmith at Granby, Conn. He got the copper from a mine near by and shaped the coin at his forge.

About nine years ago a silver shekel was found in Texas which dates back to 142 B. C. Its intrinsic value is about 50 cents; its value to collectors \$5,000.

One of the earliest known coins is a didrachm of ancient Aegina, coined about 700 B. C. Its intrinsic value is 30 cents; its market value \$7.

The coins spoken of in the Bible are shekels, which were of silver; the widow's mite, the tribute penny and the "Judea capta," the bronze coin struck by the Emperor Titus to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem.

In Japan coins are generally of iron, and in Siam they are chiefly of porcelain. Whale's teeth form the coinage of the Fiji Islands. They are painted white and red, the red teeth being worth about twenty times as much as the white. These teeth are worn as a necklace instead of carried in a pocketbook.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British Museum consists of 250,000 specimens, and is one of the finest in the world. At the Philadelphia mint is a good collection of American coins, but the Government only allows it \$300 a year to buy coins with. The British Government spends \$5,000 a year for coins.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If it is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 24 Union Square, New York."

NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

E. W.—See answer to R. A. McMahan in this column.

READER.—See answer to "R. A. McMahan" in this column.

WHITE PENNY.—There is no premium on the white cent of 1857.

A. C. A.—There is no premium on the quarter dollar of 1853 with arrows at date and rays back of eagle.

CHARLES YOUNG.—The head of navigation on the Delaware river is at Trenton, N. J., and on the Hudson river at Troy, N. Y.

FRANK McALLISTER.—We will take your suggestion into consideration and if available you may hear from them in the near future.

R. A. McMAHAN.—You will find the end of "Wall Street Will" in No. 261 of this paper. Through a typographical error the notice "The End" was omitted.

PANSY.—If you have a flying eagle cent of 1856 in good condition it is worth \$1.50. 2. We cannot publish addresses of business firms in this column. 3. Writing good.

ONE OF YOURS, Hamilton, Ont.—We cannot furnish the desired address in this column. Consult some newspaper directory, which you can no doubt obtain at the office of the leading newspaper in your city.

BROOKLYN BOY.—New York city is about midway between Boston and Washington; the distance by railroad between the two latter cities is 475 miles; the distance varies a little, according to the route you travel by.

WM. HART.—There is no premium on a ten-cent fractional currency bill of 1874, a two-cent piece of 1864, or a Honduras note of 1886. 2. An English shilling of 1817 in fine condition is worth about thirty-five cents. If in poor condition the regular exchange value only.

J. L. H. WASHINGTON, D. C.—We cannot publish addresses of that kind in this column. 2. You can find several short plays in "How to Become an Actor." Price 10 cents. Sent postage free upon receipt of price, either in money or postage stamps.

RALPH PETTIT.—There is no premium on two-cent pieces of 1864-'65. If the cent of 1803 is in fine condition it might bring five cents. There was no coinage of cents in the year 1815. 2. We cannot say. You might advertise for such a position in some of the daily papers. 3. Your penmanship is good.

N. C.—If you write with cobalt dissolved in diluted muriatic acid, the writing will be invisible when cold, but when warmed it will appear of a bluish-green color. This operation may be repeated many times. 2. A boy who is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 103 pounds ought to be between 14 and 16 years of age.

J. J. JOY.—To blue the barrel of a gun, dissolve two parts of crystallized chloride of iron, two parts of solid chloride of ammonium, and one part of gallic acid in four or five parts of water; apply with a small sponge and let it dry in the air; repeat the application two or three times, then wash with water; dry and run with boiled linseed oil to deepen the shade; repeat the application until you are satisfied with the result. 2. Read "How to Set Traps." Price 10 cents. Sent postage free upon receipt of price.

YACHTSMAN.—The meaning of the bells rung by the pilot in the engine-room of a steamboat is as follows: One bell, go ahead, slow; jingle-bell—one resembling an ordinary door-bell—go ahead, full speed; two bells, stop altogether. After stopping, two bells signifies to reverse and send the boat astern; after going astern, one bell means stop. 2. A green light is placed on the starboard side of a boat—that is, on the right-hand side as you look forward, or toward her bow. A red light, the color of port wine, is displayed on the left-hand, or port side.

LIGHTNING MAN.—It is his real name; we cannot give you his real address. 2. Jesse James was shot by Robt. Ford at Kearney, Mo. They were born in Clay county, Mo. 3. "Buffalo Bill" was born in Iowa in 1845. 4. We can supply bound volumes 7, 8, 9 and 10 of "Happy Days." Price \$1.75 each, not prepaid. 5. "The Prince of the Prairie" was published in Nos. 141 to 148 of this paper. The complete story will cost you 40 cents, postage free. 6. The story "On the Road" is contained in eight numbers of this paper, from No. 202 to No. 209; the price is 40 cents.

W. W. K.—The United States coins of the year 1804 bearing premiums are as follows: Two dollar and one-half gold piece, quoted at \$3; \$5, at \$5.25; \$10, at \$12.50. Silver dimes, \$4, and silver dollars \$250; cents from \$2 to \$5. These prices are for coins in fine condition; if they are worn very smooth and the design is almost obliterated they bear little if any premiums. 2. The rapidity of developing dry plates and films is gauged by the strength of the solution. Some plates require rapid development and others can be brought out much better with slow development; this knowledge can only be acquired by practice.

CRITIC No. 2.—It would be folly for us to try and please everybody; we publish a great variety of stories so that every reader can find some story that just suits his taste; however, we will take some of your suggestions into consideration. You must bear in mind that other readers have opinions as well as yourself, as the hundreds of letters we receive will attest, and we strive to please the great majority.

YANKEE BOY SPY.—To become a pilot in the bay and harbor of New York you do not require a knowledge of navigation. You must understand a compass and chart of harbor. It is not necessary to understand any language but English. You cannot learn the above except by sailing on different vessels, tugs, or under a sailing master, etc. You also require a thorough knowledge of steering, signals and the routine business of marine crafts. When you think you are sufficiently informed in these matters, you can make application to the Board of Pilots for a license, and if found competent, you will no doubt get one. To become a sea pilot, you must serve seven years on a pilot boat and learn all that is necessary to navigate ocean steamships. You cannot procure a license until you are twenty-one

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

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The following is a complete description, and every wheel is sent exactly as represented:—Wheels—28 inch front and rear, 32 spokes in front wheel and 36 spokes in rear. Barrel hubs—turned from bar steel. Spokes—Excelsior Needle Co.'s swaged piano wire, butt ended. Wood rims—lap joint. Bearings—cups and cones turned from bar steel. Balls—hardened and ground. Frame—best Shelby seamless steel tube, 1 1/4 inch or 1 1/2 inch bottom tube and cross tube. (Height of frame—standard 22 inches.) Front forks, continuous, tapered gauge—Drop forged crown, nickel plated or enameled. Drop of frame 3 inches. Rear stays D shaped—Upper 3/4 inches, Lower 3/4 inches, tapered to 3/4 inches. Single-piece, head, 5 inches. Crank Hanger genuine, famous Fauber one-piece, either 5-arm or star pattern sprockets—any size from 21 teeth to 32 teeth inclusive, for either 3-16 inch or 1/2 inch chain—cranks 6 1/2 inches, 7 inches or 7 1/4 inches, diamond pattern. Rear Sprocket, detachable, screwed on hub and held in place by a lock nut screwed on by reverse threads—7, 8, 9 or 10 teeth. Pedals, dust-proof—with or without rubbers. Handle Bar—best seamless tubing, nicked on copper, either upturn, downturn or ram's horn. Grips—to match frame. Chain—B Block, straw colored—blued side plates, either 3-16 inch or 1/2 inch. Gear as desired. Finish—any standard color or enamel. Saddle—Brown pattern, either hard or soft. Tool bag and tools complete. Tires—Amazon, Goodyear, Hartford, Vim or Morgan & Wright, single or double tube.

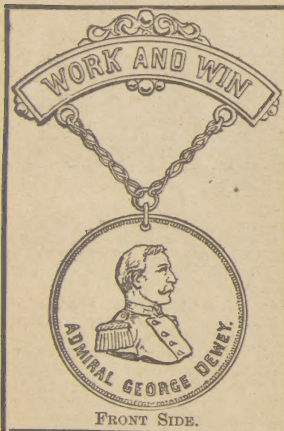
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